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The Week

TEMPORARILY, the dispute with Mexico over the oil laws has assumed a new phase. Injunctions have been obtained by American operators who did not apply for leases, forbidding the Mexican government to take away their property, and the cases based on these injunctions are to be rushed through, we are given to understand, to the Mexican Supreme Court. It is possible, of course, that the Mexican courts will rule that the operation of the law would be of a retroactive character, and therefore out of harmony with the constitution of 1917. Such a solution of the matter would offer the Calles government a way out of its quarrel with the American State Department, without causing it to "lose face" at home. On the other hand, the Mexican courts may uphold the constitutionality of the measure, in which case we stand where we did before. We trust that the breathing space, which is now afforded, will be used by Secretary Kellogg and President Coolidge for sober reflection on the merits of the controversy and for earnest endeavors to find an amicable solution. They cannot fail to be aware by now that the nation almost unanimously regards what they have done as one of the most serious blunders in American statesmanship in a generation.

THE Sacasa government in Nicaragua is about at the end of its rope. The $500,000 with which it began hostilities had dwindled, some days ago, to $10,000, and the treasury is now all but bankrupt. In a bitter statement to the Associated Press, Sacasa has repeated his charge that the American Marines, landed by Admiral Latimer for the ostensible purpose of protecting American life and property, have actually been used to curtail his military operations against the conservative régime of Diaz. A week ago, the latter was talking in conciliatory terms of a coalition cabinet; but since Sacasa is now virtually penniless, and since the action of the Marines prevents his using his military forces effectively, a more uncompromising attitude by Diaz may be expected. If the State Department persists in its present course, from which it shows no signs of departing, we are likely to see Diaz maintained in power for an indefinite period with the aid of American guns. That his government is undoubtedly opposed by an overwhelming majority of the Nicaraguan people will be of no more importance to Mr. Kellogg than it was to his predecessors from 1912 to 1925. That the whole present policy of the State Department is opposed by most of the press and public opinion in the United States may cause action to be a little more discreet in the future than in the recent past; but who is quixotic enough to believe that, because of it, our Latin-American policy will be permanently altered?

PRESIDENT Coolidge has declared that he is in favor of adequate preparedness for this country, but he is against militarism. We believe the President has been right in setting his face against the frequent attempts by jingoes to rush the United States into huge and unwarranted expenditures, and we heartily applaud his actions. At the same time, we would point out to him that the line he seeks to draw is one which, in practice, it is impossible to maintain. The deepest-dyed militarist will invariably tell you that he seeks only "adequate preparedness." He

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will continue to say so when the backs of the people are broken with the burden of enormous expenditure. We challenge Mr. Coolidge to find in the pages of history an instance where an armament race was ever admitted by the participants to be militaristic, or, in fact, anything else than "adequate preparedness." Moreover, what does preparedness mean? Does it mean military forces equal to those of any possible foe? Or any probable combination of foes? The President will have to be a good deal more explicit for his stand to have the importance which we should like to think it deserves.

PROSPECTS for agriculture in 1927 are not bright, according to the forecast of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. "With an average season a continuation of relatively low returns from most cash crops is probable unless acreage is reduced," says its recent release. Domestic demand is not likely to increase, while foreign demand for our products is likely to be narrowed by larger production abroad. A reduction of 30 percent in cotton acreage is recommended. Wheat prices are due to fall. Rye prices will not change much unless the yield should be below average. Rice acreage has been too rapidly expanded and reduction is advised. "Corn growers are faced with the prospect of lower prices unless acreage is substantially reduced," because southern planters are turning from cotton to corn. Feed crops are hampered by falling away in the number of horses. So it goes, with the exception of beef cattle, hogs, sheep and dairy cattle, but farmers are warned against expanding production in these. "Potato growers should guard against the danger of overplanting." Onion and bean acreages should be reduced. Cabbage acreage should not be increased. "The trend of fruit production is upward and expansion of acreage would not be justified except under unusually favorable conditions." Tobacco growers must be wary. To what is the poor farmer to turn? Clearly his only hope is not in expansion of quantity, but in improvement of method. If in some way he can better the quality of his output, organize his markets, and reduce his costs, he can survive in the ruthless competition which is eliminating the less fit. There is no formula of prompt salvation for farmers as a whole.

AS Congress approaches consideration of the disposition of Muscle Shoals once more, it is worth while to say again that any project to use the plant to a considerable degree for the extraction of nitrogen from the air for fertilizer is a hoax and a fraud. Private interests, eager for the hydro-electric rights, hold out the bait of cheap fertilizer to the farmers as a mask for their designs, and some, even, of the largest farm organizations appear to have swallowed the hook. At the time of the building of the nitrogen fixation plant it was constructed according to the best methods known. Later discoveries, however, have developed much cheaper methods, which require so little electric power that this element in the cost is negligible. Against such competition the Muscle Shoals plant would be helpless. It will never produce nitrogen cheaply, and can sell it in a competitive market only if subsidized. That these observations are no idle dream is shown by the announcement of the Allied Chemical and Dye Corporation that it is about to establish a great nitrogen fixation plant at Hopewell, Va. The announcement says, "The economies as to location and technical process at Muscle Shoals not proving of interest, the company has acquired a large acreage accessible to both rail and deep water carriers at Hopewell for the location of its first installation." Muscle Shoals should be regarded as a power plant solely, and as such it should be retained and operated by the government. If the farm organizations support any other policy, time will prove that their leadership has been misguided. The farmers will not get cheap fertilizer from Muscle Shoals, and if they are not wary they will not get cheap power either.

SO MANY complications have arisen in the path of the Swing-Johnson bill for the Boulder Canyon dam in the Colorado that it looks as if the private power interests would slip through the maze and obtain what they want. The bill is based on an engineering plan to protect the irrigated Imperial Valley from danger of flood, to guard it against drought, to supply water for domestic and other purposes and to furnish the great amount of 1,000,000 horsepower for hydro-electric generation. The government would be recompensed for the investment in the whole development by the sale of the power. Of course the private utilities want a strangle-hold on that power. Their opportunity to secure it arises from the quarrels among the seven states bordering the Colorado River. Six of these states originally agreed to a proposed compact allocating the water rights, so that the federal government might go ahead with the project. Arizona would not agree, because she felt that some time in the far future she might want a lion's share of the Colorado water for irrigating her deserts. Then the remaining six made a compact as a basis for action, hoping that Arizona would eventually join them. California ratified this compact with the proviso that her ratification should take effect only if the Swing-Johnson bill were passed. That gave Utah an excuse to back out. Utah professes to believe that the absence of Arizona from the agreement, and the proviso of California, leaves her water rights without sufficient protection.

WE BELIEVE that the recalcitrance of Arizona in the Boulder Dam affair is sincere but misguided and that the objections of Utah are both insincere and misguided. Arizona could not possibly carry out irrigation projects on the scale she contemplates, with any chance of success for the settlers, for many

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years to come, if she ever could. On the basis of this indefinite prospect she obstructs the immediately necessary relief to already settled farms. Utah has an even more shadowy case with regard to her water rights. She gives her case away, moreover, by the fact that Representative Leatherwood objects to the Swing-Johnson bill chiefly on the ground that it allows the government to go into the power business. It is evident that Mr. Leatherwood and his Utah supporters hope, by blocking the bill, to force California and others who are interested in immediate flood and drought relief, to consent to changes which would hand over the government power to the private utilities. Mr. Leatherwood has suggested amendments to the bill which would make it impossible for the government to own the power plant. Secretary Hoover appears also to be playing a part in this dénouement. He has appealed for a compromise among the states for the sake of carrying out the project. Since he is known to be an advocate for the private power interests, this might be interpreted as meaning that he wants California to give in to Utah on the power question. We suspect that if the bill were so amended as to let the utilities monopolize the power, the quarrels among the states concerning their water rights would speedily disappear. But such a victory would be too dearly won, since it would amount to a gift to the utilities at an expense of many millions to the taxpayers.

FROM time to time one hears that the motion picture screen has proved itself a medium of propaganda of great effectiveness; but not often does one get a chance to see just how it is being used, and by whom. Illuminating information of this sort came to light at a recent meeting of Associated Industries, a highly conservative association of employers. The gathering took place in St. Louis and we quote from the excellent and veracious Globe-Democrat, of that city:

> Arthur Cole, manager of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation in Western Missouri, appeared before the directors [i. e., of Associated Industries] and told them frankly that the motion picture exhibitors will expect the Associated Industries to back them in any proposition which they want to put over, in return for services rendered by the producers in showing what he termed "propaganda" for the workmen's compensation law, on the screen. He said the exhibitors had that agreement with the organization.

We wait confidently for this story to be denied by the publicity man for Associated Industries; by Mr. Cole; by the general headquarters of Famous Players-Lasky; by Mr. Will H. Hays (in person—not a movie) and by all the stars in Hollywood, from Jackie Coogan, retired, to Rin-tin-tin. After the denials are all in we shall still maintain that the tale has probability in its favor; and that in all likelihood the only difference between this and scores of other similar incidents is that Mr. Cole happened to be indiscreet when there was a reporter in the room.

The Imperialist as Snob

> This country is not going to make war on Mexico. We cannot conceive of Calvin Coolidge as a swashbuckling war-maker. The American public, which is not able to get all the diplomatic facts, should back up the President and give him the fullest opportunity to handle this subject. When war comes with Mexico, it will come only when American lives are endangered or because the American flag or American citizens have been insulted or because Americans have been killed. We ought to make up our minds that if lawlessness, anarchy and chaos continue in Mexico for another generation, an invasion of Mexico is bound to come. If it does, I hope that we will go to stay and bring law and order to that God-forsaken country.

THE foregoing extract from a recent speech by Congressman Hamilton Fish, Jr., is a perfect example of the most dangerous and benighted attitude which a citizen of the United States can assume towards Mexico. Every statement in it is either arrogant, misleading or untrue. Yet it wears an appearance of candor and forbearance, and it voices a widespread complex of emotions and opinions about the supposed facts and the values of the relation between the two countries. For this reason it is worth while to search the contents of its moral pockets with some care.

Mr. Fish's attitude is more dangerous, if not more benighted, than that of a frank militarist who proposes to invade Mexico on the first plausible pretext. In so far as it prevails, it will tend to accomplish the object of the aggressive militarist by indirect and insinuating means. A candid appeal for the occupation of Mexico by an army from the United States would not, of course, enjoy any chance of success. The American people may connive at a disguised imperialism, but they will not consent to the unashamed conquest of a helpless neighbor. Every important group in public opinion, except, perhaps, some of the oil men, is opposed to war with Mexico, and many even of the latter would be horrified by it. Mr. Coolidge, whose policy involves the danger of war, is, we feel quite sure, heartily and sincerely opposed to it; and if he had imagination enough to know what he is doing and whither he is going, he would draw back appalled. Mexico is safe from anything like overt aggression on the part of the United States. But it is not safe from a policy which may conceal an aggressive design under a pretense of asserting the interests and protecting the rights of our citizens in Mexico and of rescuing the Mexicans from the consequences of what is alleged to be their own weakness and folly. The government of the United States is now on the verge of pursuing such a policy

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Although Mr. Coolidge is not a swashbuckler, he is in danger of unloosing the impulse to swashbuckling which seethes below the polished surface of every successful, self-satisfied and aggressive nation. If public opinion in the United States follows Mr. Fish's advice and lets the President have a free hand in Mexico, the two countries will be lucky, indeed, to escape another armed collision. For, rightly or wrongly, the Mexican leaders unanimously and plausibly believe that, in combating Mr. Kellogg's demand for a modification of their petroleum legislation, they are defending something which is essential to their national independence. Mr. Coolidge needs to be protected from the revolutionary and belligerent implications of his own policy. He does not realize that his only alternatives are either to yield or else to coerce the Calles government. His one weapon of coercion, short of war, is the rupture of diplomatic relations and the subsequent encouragement of Mexican opposition to Calles. The object and the effect of the policy will be to foment another revolution in Mexico. The American government would itself, that is, labor to create the very condition of disorder which, according to Mr. Fish, will eventually justify the armed occupation of the whole of Mexico. It would subsidize civil war in Mexico for the alleged benefit of the United States and then seize upon it as a sufficient justification for intervention—of course, for the alleged benefit of Mexico.

If Mr. Coolidge does connive at or encourage revolution against the government of President Calles, he will commit an act which can justly be called an international crime. Ever since the fall of Spanish dominion in Mexico, its governments have consisted of dictatorships tempered by revolutions. Liberty has been fatally associated with disorder, and the maintenance of order with oppression. Calles is, with the exceptions of Juarez and Obregon, the only Mexican president who has tried to recommend law and order to the Mexican people by associating government with an enlightened solicitude for their welfare. He is conducting, no doubt, a class government which suppresses ruthlessly and unscrupulously those who challenge its authority, but government in a country which has inherited such a tradition of disorder is necessarily a somewhat rough and summary business. At worst it is a less rough and summary instrument for accustoming the Mexican people to law and order than would be a United States army of occupation; and it is enlightened and benevolent in a way that a government by an alien army could not be. He is educating the Mexican people to take heart, to look ahead, to feel more confidence in one another, to try experiments in voluntary cooperation, to undertake social improvements, to hope for better things, and to act as if organized society were no longer a conspiracy to deprive them of the means of happiness.

Such is the government which the President, with Mr. Fish's approval, is threatening to undermine and to overthrow. He may possess the power to overthrow it, for a Mexican government finds it extremely difficult to survive whenever the shadow of a frown by the great Father in Washington is cast across its path. A gesture by one President of the United States cost Maximilian his life and crown. Fifty years later Victoriana Huerta struggled in vain against a death sentence which another President handed down against him. Calles would have a better chance of surviving Mr. Coolidge's grimace of disapproval than Huerta had of surviving Mr. Wilson's righteous indignation, or Maximilian Mr. Seward's flourish of the sword of the Monroe Doctrine, but he would undoubtedly have more or less of revolution on his hands. At best he would be forced to postpone the work of education and reconstruction, and return once again to the savage and barren occupation of killing his fellow-countrymen and destroying their property. Mr. Coolidge cannot afford to make himself and the United States responsible for plunging the Mexicans back into the disaster and despair of civil war. For his credit and their own, his fellow-countrymen must save him from the consequences of such a deplorable mistake. It so happens that the immediate fate of a peculiarly unfortunate and helpless neighboring nation has been delivered into the hands of the peculiarly fortunate and powerful people of the United States. If they or their elected leader employ their opportunity and power to stifle the first tender promise of a better future for their afflicted neighbor, it would be one of the most thoroughly shabby performances which any supposedly great nation has ever committed.

The blunder would be prompted, as Mr. Fish's speech betrays, by an ignorant, self-important, impoverished and self-righteous state of mind. For generations, the major premise of the behavior of the United States with respect to Mexico has been a thoughtless and arrogant sense of racial and national superiority. Our statesmen have persistently lectured Mexico about the corruption and violence of its government, its weakness for revolution and its inability to operate any effective compromise between liberty and authority. These lectures have assumed that a people, in whose experience government had always been synonymous with violence and oppression, could and should develop a workable outfit of self-governing institutions in a few years by a fiat of will. When, in spite of their admonitions, Mexico has remained the prey to disorder, they have again and again threatened, as Mr. Fish does now, to march in an American army and impose on its unruly people order and good government. It is time for public opinion in the United States to realize that such behavior smacks of the stupid and offensive snob. A people which has been condemned for centuries to ignorance, to privation and to oppression cannot be expected in a few years or even generations to develop an or-

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derly national state. Their inability to do so is no proof of their permanent political ineptitude. They are entitled to an opportunity to discover by practice and by trial and error the best way for them to reconcile liberty with authority. A powerful neighbor which is really interested in their welfare will recognize that the Mexicans of today are the victims of a tragic past, the consequences of which must be slowly and patiently neutralized. If it wishes to play the part of a friend and to help them to become as desirable neighbors as the Canadians, it should look out for and encourage any trustworthy indications on their part of increasing collective self-control and self-confidence.

A snobbish attitude of superiority is now preventing the United States from doing this very thing. The most offensive recent official expression of it was the magisterial impertinence with which our State Department informed President Calles that his government was on trial. Of course, like other human institutions, it is on trial, but from Mr. Kellogg's point of view, it is being tried, not for its efforts to combine effective government with popular welfare and education, but for daring to cross the declared will of the United States. Mr. Calles might have retorted that the United States in its relations to Mexico was, because of its overwhelming power, far more on trial than was Mexico in its relation to the United States. Our government has sometimes done well by Mexico and sometimes done very badly, but its chief handicap in well-doing has been the steady assumption by its statesmen of a moral superiority which has clouded their understanding. They have never even tried to place themselves in the skin of a Mexican and asked themselves how from that point of view they would have regarded the domineering colossus of the north. The attitude of the United States has prevented the Mexicans from enjoying any sense of security. It has, on the contrary, reënforced prodigiously their own domestic pretexts for indulging in disorder and for cultivating fear and suspicion.

Mr. Fish calls their country forsaken by God. There is, to be sure, something tragic about its condition, but the Mexicans would not be very much bothered by the lack of attention which they receive from the Almighty, provided they felt sure of the understanding, the forbearance and the good faith of the minor God who happens to preside over the Washington government. Now and hereafter, their destiny depends largely upon the disposition of the people of the United States towards them. The United States cannot, of course, save the Mexicans from the consequences of their misfortunes or misbehavior, but it can easily warp and poison them by treating them with the kind of overbearing snobbishness with which, for so many years, the English treated the Irish. If Congressmen like Mr. Fish wish God to pay more attention to Mexico, they can, perhaps, repair His inattention by paying somewhat less attention themselves. If it be true that He has deserted that country, He will never be restored to His kingdom in Mexico by an army of capitalist crusaders from the north.

The Disintegration of the Democratic Party

THE leaders of the Democratic party are still valiantly and stubbornly laboring to tear it to pieces; and, according to existing prospects, they will eventually succeed. Not only do they differ among themselves far more radically than they differ from the Republicans, but they are more interested in fighting one another than they are in fighting the Republicans. The rank and file of the party take part in this warfare and do not propose to forego the fun. Many of them are resolutely cultivating an allegiance to one or two political convictions—an innovation which, considering the immediate past of the party and the mores of politics in the America of today, is fatal to its cohesion. Since the Civil War the Democracy has survived as a negative alternative to Republicanism. Occasionally some exceptionally enterprising leader took advantage of the blunders or the dissensions of the Republicans to lead it to victory, but its real hero during the last thirty years, Mr. William J. Bryan, always led it to defeat. Its vitality since 1860 has been that of a low organism which could subdivide without any necessary loss of continuity. It preserved its identity by avoiding the effort to move, or if it had to move, under compulsion, by occupying nothing but vacant spaces. Of late years, however, this former jellyfish has been pricked into restlessness by prohibition. It is separating into factions, which insist on trying to triumph, not at the expense of temporarily helpless Republicans, but at that of the opposing factions in its own party.

The national convention of 1924 first demonstrated the recklessness of these new and unruly ferments and their menace to party cohesion. The Smith faction absolutely forebade the nomination of William G. McAdoo, who, if he had been opposed any less bitterly and resolutely, would almost certainly have won the support first of a majority of the delegates and then of two-thirds. In the contest for the nomination in 1928, which is already under way, the parts are reversed. The Smith faction is stronger than its opponent and enjoys a better chance of electing a majority of the delegates; and it is Mr. McAdoo who now declares in substance that, even though the heavens fall, Al Smith shall not be nominated. Such is the only interpretation which can be placed on his recent speech in Ohio. Four years ago he was attacking the Republicans for subservience to big business. Today in the opening speech of his campaign he ignores the Republicans and concentrates all his fire on the

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opponents of prohibition and on the Democrats in the large cities, who form the aggressive element in the Smith faction. He can hardly expect by these tactics to improve his own prospects of nomination. All that he can expect or hope to do is to prohibit the nomination of the man who probably prevented him from being nominated in 1924. That apparently is the purpose for which he is remaining in politics.

Individual animosities do, of course, frequently intrude into the very human game of politics, but the acrimony of this particular feud is nourished by more impersonal and enduring food than hatred and a desire for revenge. The Democratic party is being cleft in twain by the sharp and irrepressible issue of national prohibition. For many reasons it divides the Democrats more deeply and more irreparably than it does the Republicans. It breaks down the coalition between the South and the urban population of some of the northern industrial states which has enabled the party occasionally to win national elections. It raised in an acute form the question of federal aggrandizement which the great majority of Democrats once opposed from motives of economic interest and class scruple. Finally, inasmuch as the Democrats are the party which plays the part of official opposition to the Republicans, they cannot stand pat on an issue which is increasingly exciting the interest and the feelings of the voters. They are pushed by this circumstance into being either more dogmatically dry or more dogmatically wet than the Republicans. No matter which horn of the dilemma they prefer, they seem destined to be gored.

Mr. McAdoo can marshal a formidable logical argument in favor of more prohibition rather than less—for a prohibition enforced, if necessary, in opposition to the will of the population in a minority of the states, by a federal police department and courts. There is no perfectly reputable answer to his contention that prohibition is legally absolute and irrevocable, and that those who try to nullify it by state referenda or individual disobedience occupy an extremely equivocal position. They are undermining the authority of American government and aiding and abetting lawlessness. Unfortunately, Mr. McAdoo's logical victory is too complete. In politics, if the law-makers are unwise enough to allow the opponents of laws which condemn innocent acts of personal conduct no chance of discrediting the law except by violating it, violate it they will. When such violation does take place on a huge scale, the supporters of the law must adopt one of two alternatives. They must eventually enforce it or drop it. Mr. McAdoo proposes to enforce it, by setting up a federal administrative machine to override the local protests. Mr. Smith proposes, in substance, to drop it; that is, to abandon the attempt to enforce it in defiance of local opposition. The division in the counsels of the Democrats enables the Republicans, for the present, to postpone acceptance of either alternative.

Recently the tide of popular opinion has been running in favor of the Smith policy, and Mr. McAdoo's speech will increase its volume. Thoroughgoing prohibitionists ought to favor a federal police force, but they shrink from the consequences of carrying out such a policy, and in this, their political, if not their moral, judgment is better than Mr. McAdoo's. A drastic attempt to force prohibition on rebellious communities by federal machinery would probably increase the unpopularity of the policy and the fierceness of the resentment against it. Prohibition is one of those unfortunate and indiscriminate legal orders whose violation seems to be humanly necessary both to its survival and to its repeal. It is tolerable only if it is not enforced. The popular demand for the building by the federal government of a really effective engine of enforcement is probably diminishing. There are good reasons for believing that wet sentiment is increasing in many dry states and that it has a much better chance of dictating the Democratic nomination than has the dry sentiment. The chances run in favor of the nomination of a wet Democratic candidate other than Al Smith. Such a nomination would not necessarily result in an immediate revolt by the dry Democrats, for it would probably be accompanied by a weak and straddling platform. In that event a nominal wet victory would have the same effect on the morale of the party that the nomination of John Davis did in 1924. The two factions would be exhausted by their fight against each other, and even if they did not fly apart, they would not have kept in reserve any sufficient energy or edge to conduct an aggressive campaign against the Republicans.

Their concentration on prohibition is having a deplorable effect upon the ideology of the Democrats. They are becoming a party of one idea, and that a negative idea, which, if they remain true to it, will entirely disqualify them from legislating constructively in relation to the economic problems of the future. Because prohibition is an example of the undesirable invasion by the federal government of a region which should have been reserved for state legislation, they are jumping to the conclusion that all proposed increases in federal functions are baleful and should be opposed on principle. They are reviving the old Democratic prejudice against federal activity as something which can only thrive at the expense of local self-government. Thus they are trying to outlaw in advance all projects for coöperative activity on the part of both the national and local authorities in the interest of a redistribution of economic power on a progressive social policy. The matter is of no immediate importance, because the American nation is passing through a period of indifference to all constructive social and economic legislation, but within the next ten years, after economic discontent has revived, an opposition party which fears

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to use the powers of the federal government to aid in the accomplishment of necessary economic reforms will be condemned to impotence and futility. We hope, consequently, that Governor Smith will avoid, in his public attitude towards the federal government, the suspicion and antipathy toward it which is expressed by Governor Ritchie of Maryland. For any successful opposition to the Republicans must depend for votes, in part, upon the miscellaneous residents of the large centres of commerce and industry, of whom Governor Smith is the political leader. We still hope, although on extremely slender grounds, that in the end Governor Smith will have an opportunity to place himself at the head of a coalition of progressive groups, which will derive its strength from secessions both from the Democratic and Republican parties, and which will oppose Republicanism in the nation as valiantly as he has opposed it in New York.

America's Duty in the Chinese Crisis

EVENTS are moving fast in regard to China. Modifications of policy which the Great Powers, only a few weeks ago, were perfectly sure could not be made, are now being offered with alacrity. Great Britain has suddenly come forward with an extraordinary series of concessions. She is now willing, Sir Austen Chamberlain says, to have her nationals accept the jurisdiction of such Chinese courts as have been modernized, and to add other tribunals to the list as rapidly as they are brought into accordance with present-day practice. It is agreed that British residents in China may be required to pay Chinese taxes, including the national import tariffs "as and when promulgated." As for the British settlements in the treaty ports, special arrangements are offered in each case for amalgamating them with adjoining Chinese administrative areas, or for otherwise bringing them under native control, provided only that the British inhabitants retain some voice in the management of local affairs. The concessions which are thus offered go far beyond the proposals of the Christmas memorandum. They show a keen sense of the realities of the situation, and the necessity for prompt and drastic action.

But, though Great Britain offers the olive branch with one hand, she continues to hold the sword in the other. Twenty thousand troops are being rushed to Shanghai. British war vessels are being concentrated in Chinese waters. It is natural, of course, that Great Britain, like the other powers, should be concerned about the safety of her nationals and should wish to take every possible step to protect them. The measures taken, however, are in fact not military but political in character. They are intended as a sop to that element in the British cabinet which regards the Chinese, as it does the natives of India, as an inferior people who can be overawed by a show of force. In order to gain the consent of this group, which is not only powerful in the cabinet but represents a strong section of British public opinion, to the conciliatory policy announced by Sir Austen in his Birmingham speech, it was agreed that a force which is far more than adequate for any purely defensive purpose should be sent to China. Unfortunately, there is grave danger that the one policy will eat up the other. The presence of such large numbers of foreign troops and warships will greatly augment the bitter resentment of the Chinese, and will increase the danger of spontaneous riots in which foreigners will be killed. (It must not be forgotten that the present plight of all foreigners in China is largely the result of the British massacre at Wanhsien, a massacre on all fours with that at Amritsar.) Also, the show of military force makes it more difficult for the Nationalist (Canton) government to accept the conciliatory proposals of Sir Austen. Nowhere in the world is "saving face" more important than in China. If the Nationalists should appear to yield under the threat of foreign guns, they would be in danger of alienating their own supporters.

This dangerous situation is complicated by the part the Great Powers are playing in the whole Chinese situation. The anti-foreign sentiment is entangled with China's civil war, in which the opposing factions are the Nationalists and the Manchurian general, Chang Tso-lin, who now is in complete control of the Peking government. The Nationalists, by one of the most extraordinary military feats in recent times, have marched north a thousand miles, through territory without a railroad, and have conquered several important cities along the Yangtze. At the mouth of this river is Shanghai, the chief foreign settlement in China, with a normal white population of about 40,000, now greatly increased by refugees from the interior. Strategically, Shanghai should be the next point of attack for the Nationalists in their attempt to perform the second and far more difficult half of their task and subdue the north. Politically, an attack on Shanghai might prove a fatal blunder.

Chang Tso-lin is generally credited with having had the strong support of Japan and at least the sympathetic interest of Great Britain. Certainly, he has never done anything which has not advanced the Japanese cause in Manchuria, where Japan and Russia are jockeying for advantage without any regard on either side to Chinese interests. The Cantonese, on the other hand, have had close relations with Russia. However, the charge that because of this Canton is a communist government is, according to the testimony of the most reliable observers, untrue. While there is a communist element in Canton, it is a minority The majority, as Felix Morley points out in his recent admirable book, Our Far Eastern Assignment (Doubleday Page, New York), has used Russian assistance simply be-

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cause the Soviet government was the only one which was willing to come to its aid. The Canton movement is not internationalist but nationalist; and if it should come into control of all China, there is no reason to suppose that it would inaugurate a Soviet régime. It is also unlikely that Moscow will come to the aid of the Cantonese with a strong military force of its own. Not only has Russia explicitly stated that she has no such intention, but the disadvantages of her doing so would far outweigh the benefits. Nevertheless, it is impossible to overlook the fact that the antagonism of the Cantonese to the foreigners in China is based on far more than the unjust special privileges, irritating as these are. It is based on a firm conviction that at least two of the Great Powers have intervened actively against them and in support of their Peking opponents.

What will be the outcome of the civil war it is impossible to predict. Mr. Morley and other writers have pointed out that every attempt in recent times to impose a strong central government on China, of any character, has ended in disaster. There is a sentiment among the Chinese, not unlike the American doctrine of states' rights, which makes them demand a high degree of local autonomy. Even with all the disorder of the civil war, the business of life has gone on in most parts of China very much as usual. The Cantonese are well aware of this aspect of Chinese tradition, and it is not impossible that they may come to terms with the Peking forces, provided the western powers will keep their hands off. And in the meantime, it is perfectly practicable, as Great Britain now shows she realizes, to negotiate simultaneously with both groups, without thereby endorsing a permanent partition of the country.

Does the American government understand that this is true? Secretary Kellogg last week issued a statement on China which, when compared to Sir Austen Chamberlain's declaration, can only be described as a thoroughly disappointing and inadequate document. It is true that in a postscript, twenty-four hours later, he suggested that the United States might enter negotiations with representatives of both Peking and Canton. His general position, however, was substantially that set out in the report of the Extra-Territoriality Commission a few weeks ago. He pointed out, gratuitously, that the United States controls no territory in China and that, therefore, we are only concerned with the abolition of extra-territoriality, and with the granting of tariff autonomy. We refuse to renounce the special privileges of our citizens until (the old story!) China is in a position to guarantee an equivalent degree of safety for Americans under its own laws. While we are "eager" to give China tariff autonomy, we cannot negotiate when there is no government with which to deal. No one, of course, can cavil at the desire of the American government to protect the lives of our citizens. It has a duty to do so. But we submit that Mr. Kellogg's position represents a vicious circle in logic. Foreigners are hated in China *because of* the unjust privileges they enjoy. Stop hating us, Mr. Kellogg says, in effect, and we shall then begin to consider the abolition of these special privileges. Moreover, the argument that there is no one with whom we can negotiate would have more merit, if we were not confronted, at this very moment, by the spectacle of Great Britain engaged in negotiation.

As the New Republic has repeatedly pointed out in recent weeks, the United States has been, and is, face to face with a great opportunity for a constructive stroke of statesmanship in China. We have far less to lose than has Great Britain, in a renunciation of our unjust privileges: must we stand idly by and watch the British take the moral leadership which we have every reason to assume? Whether China has one government, two, or none, there is no bar, legal or otherwise, to an expression of American good will toward the Chinese people, of American refusal to maintain any longer unjust privileges in China which were first secured, and have ever since been maintained, at the cannon's mouth. A simple declaration to this effect on the part of our Congress would produce electrifying results in China. It would insure the safety of our citizens there, better than a hundred battleships and fifty thousand troops. It would make it necessary for Great Britain to follow our lead and to go even further than she does in the Chamberlain offer. It would virtually compel Japan, France and the other powers to take similar steps.

Such a declaration of purpose is now pending in the House of Representatives, in the form of the Porter resolution. Yet the Secretary of State is fighting that resolution. His long and legalistic declaration, last week, was an attempt on his part to forestall action on it. Is he determined, then, to leave office without a single bold or generous or statesmanlike action to his credit? And must the relations between China and the United States be sacrificed to his obscurantism, his pettifogging lawyer tactics, his refusal to treat with even-handed justice any power conspicuously weaker than the United States in military strength?

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Consumers in Wonderland

II—The Twin Gods of Bad Business: Adulteration and Misrepresentation

Then fill up the glasses with treacle and ink
Or anything else that is pleasant to drink.
Mix sand with the cider and wool with the wine. . . .

IN our first article we discussed the chaotic condition of quality and price with which the consumer is confronted when he (who is usually she) starts out to buy. In this instalment we shall take up the equally important subjects, adulteration and misrepresentation.

The marked improvement in business ethics during the past generation, plus an increasing amount of legislation and government inspection, has, by and large—and particularly in certain industries, such as food—distinctly raised the quality of the goods the consumer buys today. Whether, by and large, he gets more for his money, is another question. The mounting costs of salesmanship have first to be reckoned with before a net gain or a loss can be determined. Standards of quality still remain far below the line of what might be termed dependable performance in many industries; while in the case of all too many industrial firms, quality ranks at something less than zero. Meanwhile misrepresentation often tends to increase with sales pressure. This article deals with that very considerable area where adulteration, misrepresentation, and worse, are still in evidence. How large an area it is, no one knows; that it remains altogether too large, is entirely clear.

Perhaps the Federal Trade Commission provides the best and most authoritative source for facts about fraudulent and misrepresented goods at the present time. It is far from a perfect source, in that its interest in the technical analysis of goods is distinctly secondary to its interest in questions of trade practice and simple chicane under the provisions of its enabling act. In the main, its cases have to do with such matters as stealing slogans from competitors, advertising goods as "direct from the factory to you," when the advertiser has no factory; "six big floors of furniture" when there is not one. We can pick up only occasional cases which deal with the specific composition of the wares of merchants and manufacturers. Nevertheless, in the following pages we shall rely to a considerable extent upon the Commission's reports. They are authentic; they represent proved and often admitted facts.

The Commission found Park and Tilford selling "Creme Angelus" as containing real lemon. Analysis disclosed no lemon juice in the confection. "Novelty" and "Puritan" silks were found to have no relation to the silk worm. Samson Rosenblatt bought old, deteriorated baking powder from the Army and proceeded to resell it as "material guaranteed to be in perfect condition."

The Commission in one bulletin reports four firms in San Francisco and Los Angeles falsely advertising, as "Philippine Mahogany," wood that was not mahogany. Mahogany does not grow in the Philippines. The Commission has long been in controversy with furniture manufacturers on the question of correct marking and descriptions of furniture woods. During 1926 it succeeded in getting 861 concerns to subscribe to a code of honest labeling and cataloguing—a code adopted by a conference of the industry in the latter part of 1925. The National Retail Furniture Association at first approved the code, and then, after the Grand Rapids manufacturers decided not to abide by it, withdrew its approval.

The Nashua Manufacturing Company and Amory, Browne and Company made and sold cotton blankets labeled "Nashua Woolnap." They contained no wool, although on labels used over a certain period the caption, "A perfect blend of the world's finest cottons," was added in small type. Amory, Browne and Company offended again in selling a cotton fabric produced by the Greenhalgh Mills, labeled (with the consent of the manufacturer) "De Luxe Pongee." Latterly it has been called "De Luxe Cotton," and is thus somewhat nearer the mark.

The Western Elaterite Roofing Company was found by the Commission to be using the word "rubber" in labels, advertising and other printed matter, to designate a certain type of roofing material impregnated with asphalt and containing no rubber. Furthermore, the firm designated its roofing as "one-ply," "two-ply" and "three-ply," when in fact it was but one ply, or layer, in thickness. The Commission notes that "such fact or practice was and is well known to many of the jobbers and retailers of such roofing, but was not and is not so well known to the general purchasing public."

Paints, varnishes and similar materials have been the subject of an unusual amount of adulteration and misrepresentation, for more or less obvious reasons. In the first place, adulteration cannot be determined with certainty at the time of purchase, by anything but the most careful laboratory examination. In the second place, the results of using bad paint and varnish are not disclosed for a long period—perhaps years—when the source of supply may long since have been forgotten.

The Central Shellac Works sold "white shellac" and "orange shellac" adulterated with other gum

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substitutes, without indicating such other ingredients. The company was ordered to desist from labeling its products "orange shellac," "white shellac" or "shellac," unless the adulterants were shown on the label, under the caption, "shellac substitute" or "imitation shellac," with a statement of the percentage of other ingredients employed.

The importance of honest paint, varnish and other rust-proofing products may be judged from the estimate of Sir Robert Hadfield; the waste of materials through corrosion amounts to $2,500,000,000 a year!

The Procter and Gamble Company makes and sells certain soaps and soap chips in the name of which the word "naphtha" is incorporated; for example, White Naphtha Soap Chips. The Company nationally advertised these soap products as being especially effective because of the naphtha content, "which softens and loosens dirt merely by contact," which "dissolves the stubbornest dirt at a touch," "the naphtha in it supplies the energy your arms must supply when you use ordinary soap," "this double action cleanser." Let us quote the Trade Commission's finding:

> Such soap containing a petroleum distillate in an amount ranging from 0.09 to 0.51 percent by weight of such soap, and such washing powder containing a petroleum distillate in an amount ranging from 0.019 to 0.26 percent . . . and such soap chips containing a petroleum distillate in an amount ranging from 0.013 to 0.045 percent . . . and such products . . . containing a petroleum distillate in an amount of 1 percent or less by weight thereof, do not contain a petroleum distillate in an amount sufficient to be effective therein as a cleansing ingredient, and substantially to enhance their value and cleansing power upon their use by the consuming public.

Jewelry is in the category of luxuries, but methods of its adulteration may prove instructive. In the United States the National Stamping Law, designed to control the marketing of sterling silver, coin silver, gold, and platinum, has been practically inoperative, because it has required proof of intent to deceive. There are twenty-five to fifty cases on the Federal Trade Commission docket concerning such terms as "filled," "gold filled," and other designations now used to bewilder the purchaser.

Mr. Morris L. Ernst, representing the Jewelers' Board of Trade, reports that as soon as a conviction is obtained on what is clearly a case of fraudulent description, "a new term is invented which is thought to be within the law and by means of which it is possible to deceive the public." A type of pencil, commonly sold, is made in parts. The jewelers' association has held that the maker should not mark this pencil "14K" when only the small top part is in fact 14K, while the rest is thin plated material. Candlesticks are being made with the whole exterior, even the bottom, covered with a coat of sterling silver, but with the interior composed of pitch, cement, lead, or steel. Such are marked "sterling silver."

"Years ago," said Mr. Ernst, "when platinum sold for $10 an ounce, it was not a very popular metal; then nobody wanted it; but as soon as the price went to $100 an ounce, every woman wanted platinum jewelry. Now the manufacturer makes rings containing white gold, at $14 an ounce, to the extent of 60 percent by weight of the ring, with platinum, at $150 an ounce, forming the remaining 40 percent. He then proceeds to mark the ring 'Platinum, 18K.'" One piece of jewelry having a setting of "platinum" valued at $300, when assayed, showed less than a dollar's worth of platinum.

The above cases serve to show the recent run of the work of the Federal Trade Commission. We submit more taken from other sources as well.

Here are some gentlemen who purchased second-grade galvanized roofing plainly stamped by the maker, SECOND. "Many jobbers and fabricators have no hesitation whatever in taking that stamp off with acid, and it is reported that one fabricator has gone so far as to stamp under the word SECOND the additional words, TO NONE." He then sold it to the public as a prime sheet!

A full-page advertisement appeared in a Providence, R. I., newspaper not long ago, calling attention to an air-heating device which, when attached to a householder's heater, "would produce 25 to 50 percent more heat per pound of coal, and 20 to 40 percent less ash." The B. T. U. Society of Brown University, with the assistance of the faculty, made a careful test. The test showed that when the device was *not* used, 72.2 percent of the heat in the coal was transferred to the water. When it *was used,* only 67.1 percent of the heat appeared in the water. The proof was conclusive that the householder lost money when he installed the device. A discouraging feature of the episode was the apparent indifference of the Providence newspapers to the results of the tests made. What a horizon this last comment opens up! Newspapers and magazines which live on advertising cannot afford to take the consumer's side save in the most flagrant cases, and thus he is shut off from his chief source of information.

Dr. Henry Harap in his book, Education of the Consumer, reports a careful survey of the major forms of adulteration and misbranding in clothing. Let us briefly summarize his findings.

There is a Peruvian cotton which feels and looks like wool. It is mixed with wool fibres and sold as all-wool material. The process of making a nap on cloth has been so well developed that a fabric entirely of cotton may be made to resemble wool, or given what is called a wool finish. Material for men's summer suits, made of wool, shoddy and cotton blended, is sold as fancy cassimeres. Mercerized cotton (made by treating cotton with caustic

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soda) is often sold as silk, or it may be used as an adulterant for true silk. Cotton yarn is passed off as silk by soaking it in a solution of pure silk. In that the value of silk depends, among other things, upon its weight, many methods are abroad for runing up price by artificially increasing weight. A mineral salt bath will sometimes convert a pound of raw silk into three pounds of silk cloth. Such baths seriously lessen the fabric's strength. There are ways of making cloth which expose a silk surface on a cotton base. Satins are made with a cotton back; pile fabrics are made with a cotton base.

Cotton mixed with linen, or specially treated, is sold as linen. Mercerized cotton is sold as linen. "Linen" towels are made of union goods, meaning mixtures of cotton and linen. "Irish linen" handkerchiefs often contain only 50 percent linen. A drop of oil on pure linen is transparent; on cotton it is opaque. (Here is a test which the consumer can himself conduct.) Starch, glue and gum are used to give body and gloss to cheaper grades of linen. The first washing undermines the finish.

The chief furs actually consumed in the United States are limited to a small group of skins which in the terminology of the retail trade are almost never mentioned. "This is because furs are clipped, dyed, and pulled in such a way as to resemble those which are superior in wearing quality and in warmth. The pelts of animals from warmer zones, such as the woodchuck and the opossum, are sold under names of animals in colder climates. Such furs are inferior in suppleness and durability of leather, denseness and silkiness of under-hair, fullness of protective hair, and, because dyed, are brittle and less durable in general." A table of adulteration, based on microscopic identification of commercial fur hairs, has been prepared:

Species	Sold As
Hare, dyed	Sable or fox
Hare, white	Fox
Woodchuck, dyed	Mink, sable, skunk
Mink, dyed	Sable
Muskrat, dyed	Mink, sable
Muskrat, pulled and dyed	Seal
Opossum, sheared and dyed	Beaver
Rabbit, dyed	Sable
Rabbit, sheared and dyed	Seal
Rabbit, white	Ermine
Rabbit, white, dyed	Chinchilla

Testimony was introduced in the "truth in fabrics" hearings to the effect that 90 percent of the fur sold in this country is not marketed under its right name. "Take 'Hudson' seal; there is no such thing. It is a trade name only." Meanwhile, the durability of a hare skin is one-twentieth that of an otter pelt.

In 1919, of all "silk" hosiery manufactured, 17 percent was of pure silk, 74 percent of silk adulterated with other things, 9 percent of straight artificial silk. Perspiration is especially injurious to artificial silk, and to silk weighted with metallic salts. The braid used in straw hats is frequently of wood shavings, which, when lacquered, looks like and sells like the more expensive straws.

Artificial silk, which costs about half as much as real silk to produce, is frequently sold at the price of real silk. Your "French balbriggan underwear" may turn out to be American made; your "natural wool," "camel hair," "Scotch wool," "lamb's wool," "Persian fleece," or "natural merino," is often a combination of wool and cotton. The Knit Goods Manufacturers, we are glad to note, have recommended discontinuing the above improper labels.

With plain, unvarnished cheating through short-weighting the customer, we have no immediate concern; with weights and measures laws in thirty states and with improved inspection, the situation is probably much better than it used to be. We are more interested in certain astute forms of misrepresentation in selling, the net effect of which is to deprive the consumer of full measure.

In some communities eggs are sold by the pound —as they should be. A common practice in such communities is to gather up all the small eggs and ship them for sale to other communities where they are sold by the dozen. When sponges are sold by weight, they are likely to be loaded with salt, epsom salt, and other substances, to increase the tally. The Federal Trade Commission found twenty-two firms guilty of this practice at one time.

The War Industries Board found that thread manufacturers, in order not to disturb retail selling prices, had reduced the yardage on spools from 200 yards to 150 yards, and were considering a further reduction to 100 yards. This was not straight misrepresentation, in that the yardage was presumably marked on the spools, but the effect was that the purchaser obtained less thread on what looked to be a spool of the usual size. The waste of the practice was well illustrated by the action of the War Industries Board. It restored the 200-yard spool as standard, thereby bringing about a 25 percent economy in lumber, labor, shipping spaces, wooden cases, cardboard boxes and other supplies. This single action released, it was estimated, 600 freight cars per year.

Losses to consumers through short weight in bread are said to amount to $100,000,000 annually in the United States ($11,000,000 in the City of New York alone). Much of this comes about because of the ridiculous diversity in weights of loaves, making it practically impossible for the consumer to judge price per pound. Data gathered in 67 cities on the weights of 3,000 loaves of bread, showed 105 different weights.

One of the most interesting developments of the higher salesmanship is the treating of the weight or contents of a package as a matter of no con-

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sequence to the buyer. The firms which regard the amount of salt or soap powder or noodles as too unimportant to mention (except where required to do so by law), ought logically to be undecided about the price to charge. But such is never the case. The Battle Creek Food Company sent out a price list under date of June 15, 1926, in which a number of items are listed at stipulated prices, but no indication is given of how much food the buyer will get for his money in many cases. For example:

Breakfast toast, package	$ .30
Health chocolates, large package	1.25
Laxa, package	.90
Zo, new breakfast food, package	.15

Compared with a home-prepared breakfast food of ground wheat for 4 cents a pound—than which nothing could be more wholesome—it would be interesting to see what these prepared breakfast foods worked out to, per pound.

Short weights and measures are by no means confined to methods which are ethically dubious. All manner of devices are utilized to make the consumer think that he is getting more than he actually receives. Nowhere is this confusion more prevalent than in the sale of package goods, where the dominating motive is often to appease the buyer's appetite by the succulence of the container, rather than by its tangible contents. The fact that package goods are handy, and can be kept relatively fresh by a judicious use of paraffined paper, is no excuse for attempting to remove them from all standards of relative cost per pound. The consumer may be glad to pay more per pound for convenience, but he ought to know *how much more* he is being called upon to disburse. The record should be clear.

A powder for cleaning aluminum proved to be compounded mainly of sand, a little powdered soap, and some oxalic acid. The acid cleans aluminum rapidly, but it is deadly poison. The label of this package makes no mention of that fact, but advises the users to wash the aluminum article after cleaning, in clear water and not in the dishpan. Considering the scant attention paid to labels, it is evident that the hazard in the use of this material is great; yet no law covers the compounding of such a poison without warning to the consumer. Caveat emptor.

Dr. Chevalier Jackson, the eminent laryngologist of Jefferson Hospital, Philadelphia, testifying before a Congressional committee, cites numerous cases of dangerous lye products—such as drain pipe cleaners—bearing either no poison label at all, or only a very inconspicuous one. The palm must be awarded, however, to the preparation Kleanall, a product containing 75 percent of the violently corrosive poison, sodium hydroxide. Far from bearing the poison label, the printed matter read: "does not injure the finest fabric or the most delicate skin."

Gas appliances are often not only wasteful of fuel, but highly dangerous. Solid tops for gas stoves, sold with the recommendation that they save gas and aid in keeping the range clean, often cause the stove to produce carbon monoxide. This gas is fatal in quantities of four-tenths of 1 percent in the air, and in one-tenth of this quantity can cause headache, dizziness, nausea and vomiting.

It is a pleasure to point out that the gas industry, seeing clearly the danger both to the public and to its own best interests, has organized a well equipped, well run certification laboratory.

Here are electric lamps of certain imported and "gyp" manufacture sold by the million, mainly to poor people who have to buy on a price basis primarily. They are represented to be of the efficient gas-filled type, when really they are the ordinary vacuum lamp. Others contain the old-fashioned, hopelessly inefficient carbon filament which one can no longer afford to burn even if paid a bonus for doing so. Others blacken badly within four hours of use. The ten-cent stores, department stores, and drug stores are selling thousands of electrical appliances — toasters, sockets, cord, plugs — which have not been tested and approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories and are dangerous.

Four worthless and unsafe electric irons selling for $1 each were found to burn out in three to thirty-five minutes. (Fifteen thousand dozen of these were imported by one New York dealer.) A test of the cords used to connect electrical appliances with the plug, disclosed a difference of 118 to 1 in ability to withstand deterioration from bending; and a difference of 34 to 1 in ability to withstand abrasion.

We believe that the foregoing evidence indicates only too clearly that there are significant groups of products, if not whole industries, in which the production of sound goods, accurately described, and sold at a fair price, has not been the dominating motive of those in control of the process. We have seen that in the case of refrigerators, lamps, soap and cleaning agents, textiles, furs, weighing scales, paints, heating and cooking devices, varnishes, even loaves of bread, there exists an enormous burden of adulteration, bad workmanship, misrepresentation, sharp practice, and even downright bodily danger, which falls back upon the consumer. And who shall say how much is preventable if the consumer could be armed with the findings of impartial analysis and test? STUART CHASE and F. J. SCHLINK.

(*Quacks and quackery will be the subject of the third article in this series. It will appear next week.*)

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Who Opposes Mussolini?

> There are at least ten anti-Fascist parties in Italy: [said Mussolini, mocking at them, in a speech of July 22, 1924] Anarchists, Communists, Revolutionary Socialists, Reformist Socialists, Republicans, Christian-Democrats, Radicals, Liberals, the Party of the Peasants, the group of the Sardinian ex-service men, renegade Fascists of different complexions, etc. To all these parties and groups add the Freemasons. It is a great, but at bottom, a grotesque army.

MUSSOLINI was right in mocking at this great, but grotesque army. His words offer a clue to the weakness of his opponents during the last few years. They explain the many defeats suffered by the anti-Fascists and their inability to counter-attack.

Until 1925, each of the anti-Fascist groups was engrossed, not only in fighting Fascism, but, most important of all, in preparing a strategic position for itself, to be used against its allies after the day of victory. No one was ready to lead the offensive, as no one was sure of being top-dog tomorrow, in the event of success. The discord of the leaders filtered down to the rank and file, who remained confused and divided.

But under the pressure of the Fascist terror, the state of mind of the masses has profoundly changed. The anti-Fascist groups are now divided into no more than three schools of thought, as follows:

First, Liberals, Christian Democrats and Reformist Socialists, who remain faithful to constitutional methods. They refuse to declare themselves Republicans, because they fear a revolution even more than they hate Fascism, or because they cannot free themselves from the yoke of tradition, or because they think it inexpedient to drive into the arms of the Fascists all those anti-Fascists who remain loyal to the Crown. This constitutional opposition was reduced to impotence by the coup d'état of January 3, 1925. Their leaders are now generals without an army. They are helplessly adrift on a revolutionary sea. Or, if you prefer the figure, they are trucks on a disused railway track. In the public life of Italy today they can have only one function—to be hostages in the hands of the Fascists, paying, with their lives, for the violence which the anti-Fascists begin to employ as they pass from legal to illegal methods.

Second, Communists and Revolutionary Socialists, who hope that the dictatorship of the Fascists will be succeeded by the "dictatorship of the proletariat." Up to January, 1925, violent methods against Fascism were advocated only by the Communists. But they were a small minority. The confidence of the masses was given to the leaders of the constitutional opposition, who avoided all advocacy of illegal method, disapproved of acts of violence and awaited a solution from the initiative of the King. After the failure of the legal and parliamentary Opposition, there has been, amongst the working classes and the anti-Fascist youth, a considerable swing towards the left, from the Christian Democratic or the Reformist Socialist parties, which have preached legal methods, to the Revolutionary Socialist and Communist parties, which preach the inadequacy of legal methods.

An intelligent engineering worker wrote to me as follows, on the conditions in Lombardy in February, 1926:

> It is certain that, in the situation created by the Fascists, the moderate parties no longer find a favorable field among the workers. The men who have had the greatest influence in the organization, during the last twenty years, are members of the Reformist Socialist party, and such men still exercise great personal influence. But if the present state of things goes on, it is not improbable that the Communists will gain the upper hand. This would not have been possible if trade union liberties had been respected.

Among the agricultural workers there has probably been less swing towards Communism. But there must have been a considerable movement in that direction even amongst them.

This spread of Communist or so-called Communist influence has produced, *for the moment*, a remarkable strengthening of the Fascist party. The great majority in the country has no desire to fall from the frying pan of the dictatorship of the Fascist minority into the fire of the dictatorship of a Communist minority. The Communists would set up a dictatorship no better than that of the Fascists, with the resultant economic disorganization of the country as an additional disadvantage. The majority, if offered no other choice but that between Fascists and Communists, would leave the field free for the Fascists. At bottom, the Fascists prefer the Communist Opposition to the Liberal.

> We can conceive of a Communist, Republican or even Revolutionary Socialist Opposition, [wrote Signor Farinacci in Regime Fascista, December, 1925] but we can never conceive of a Liberalizing and Democratizing Opposition.

But the failure of a Liberalizing and Democratizing Opposition has produced another current of thought. This is,

Third, Liberals, Christian Democrats and Reformist Socialists, who admit neither Communist nor Fascist Dictatorship, but who, since January, 1925, recognize that they can no longer expect that Italy will be freed from the Fascist dictatorship by a legal Opposition. They have always looked with extreme repugnance upon the use of force in polit-

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ical strife, and only accept it today as a bitter necessity, as the one effective, but temporary, method of restoring to the Italian people its liberties and of reinstating representative institutions in Italy. They frankly avow themselves to be Republicans, although they did not wish to attack the monarchy. Their hope was, until the end of 1924, to overcome Fascism with the help of the King, and they would have been ready then to give him all the credit. The King betrayed them. (In history no republic was ever built up by Republicans, but by the Kings, who, demolishing the monarchical parties by their mistakes and sins, made the republican solution a necessity.)

These more resolute anti-Fascist elements operate in small groups to escape the eye of the police. If a nucleus is discovered and its members imprisoned or dispersed, the other groups carry on the work. Their activities are at present chiefly concentrated in the clandestine press. Italy has become a factory, producing leaflets and pamphlets of clandestine propaganda. These are distributed by tens of thousands, disseminating news and documents which the official press ignores, preaching hatred and resistance. These small sheets do not involve great expense: two or three hundred lire suffice to put some thousands into circulation. It is impossible to know how wide is the circulation of this press. Every copy has the lure of forbidden fruit and passes from hand to hand, is typed and multigraphed. The same thing is happening that was witnessed in Belgium during the German occupation.

This clandestine press not only serves to circulate news and propaganda, but it has another, and still more important, function. Its distributors and readers form a spontaneous organization of devotees, romantically inspired by danger and kept continually active. The distributor becomes the natural leader of those to whom he passes the news sheets. The group which publishes the news sheets becomes the centre of a network of affiliations. A national anti-Fascist organization thus comes into being, a flexible, loose-knit, ubiquitous organization whose members are unknown to one another. When one link is broken, another is forged in its place. Its centres are everywhere, and it cannot be fatally wounded in any one spot.*

These new "liberal-republican" groups, with their new teaching, are winning back from the Communist ranks those who call themselves Communists, but are in reality only exasperated anti-Fascists. And by showing that in the anti-Fascist struggle it is possible, while remaining liberals, to preach revolutionary methods, they are also winning back all those middle-class elements who would endure the Fascist régime only so long as the alternative seemed to be Communism.

They have to face enormous difficulties. They must at one and the same time overcome the inertia of the old constitutional opposition, escape the pressure of the Fascist government, and withstand Communist propaganda.

Will they succeed in forming a new Liberal party, ready, when the moment comes, to enter the lists with sufficient forces not only to overthrow the Fascist dictatorship, but to nip a Communist dictatorship in the bud? Have the Italian people sufficient men capable of resisting at once the charm of the Communist mirage and the terror of the Fascist bludgeon, determined, even at the cost of a revolutionary crisis, to win liberty for all, with privileges for none, allowing to none a right to violence?

This is a question to which an a priori answer is impossible. A certain time is necessary for these ideas to spread widely enough among the people. The time cannot be short, especially as today there are entirely lacking in Italy those channels (the press, associations, assemblies) through which ideas are circulated and collective feelings arise. States of mind which in free countries can establish themselves in a week require months or entire years for their formation under a despotic régime.

GAETANO SALVEMINI.

*Naturally the clandestine press is fiercely persecuted, by the Fascists, the police and the magistrates. Legal procedure concerning the clandestine sheet Non Mollare ("No Surrender"), circulated in Florence in 1925, made the greatest noise. In June, 1925, three lawyers were prosecuted and one of them sentenced to seventeen month's imprisonment; on July 13, a trial on the same charge ended in serious disturbances. The acts of violence of September against the Freemasons were provoked by the suspicion that Non Mollare was issued by them; on November 30 a street railway employe was sentenced to a year and three months' imprisonment, having been caught passing on a number of the sheet to a friend (Corriere della Sera, December 1, 1925). There is a veritable stream of arrests and sentences on this charge. In no more than ten days I collected the following cases: 1926, May 5, Busto Arsizio, two sentences; May 6, Biella, seven sentences; May 6, Venice, two sentences; May 6, Turin, three sentences; May 13, Rome, four sentences; May 15, Trieste, three sentences.

Washington Notes

IT would take a heart far harder than mine, not to have been touched by the sufferings of poor Senator David Aiken Reed of Pennsylvania in the days following the Senate rejection, by a vote of forty-nine to twenty-eight, of his carefully groomed candidate for the Interstate Commerce Commission, Mr. Cyrus E. Woods. I felt, in fact, sorrier for Senator Reed than I did for Mr. Woods himself, because it seemed to me that if Mr. Woods had been a man of high spirit he never would have submitted to the offensive sort of cross-examination to which he was subjected in the Committee, by Senators like Mr. Goff of West Virginia and others who were opposing him. There were times during the questioning when it seemed that Mr. Woods owed it to himself to get up, tell these insinuating Senators what he thought of them, and inform Mr. Reed, Mr. Mellon and Mr. Coolidge that he didn't want any job badly enough to endure being sneered at, slurred and brow-beaten by a lot of bombastic old fellows who were opposing him, not from principle but merely as a matter of local political expediency.

Once or twice I fully expected Mr. Woods to do some-

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thing like that, but he didn't. On the contrary, he took a most extraordinary lot of punishment with a meek and conciliatory, almost, one might say, an apologetic air, that did little to strengthen his case. He is a man of high personal character and unquestioned integrity, but he did not make a favorable impression either by the way in which he stood the inquisitorial proceedings, or by the answers he gave in reply to questions. Mr. Woods probably is capable enough, but he offered no proof to the Committee. In fact, he did nothing whatever to offset the charge that his previous affiliations with the Pennsylvania coal interests and the Pepper primary campaign made him an undesirable member of the Commission—except to deny it. He was a handicap, rather than a help, to his sponsors in the fight, and is really not entitled to much sympathy. He had, it is true, a rather harrowing experience; but he is actually no worse off than he was before. He has lost nothing but a lot of time. That is not true, however, of his backers. In the case of Senator Reed, it is indeed a body blow to his Senatorial prestige, which has been steadily dwindling since the fatal primaries last spring, in which the pious Pepper was slaughtered by the despised and denounced Billy Vare.

As a result of the Woods rejection, Senator Reed has become something of a general joke about the Senate. It would not have been so bad, if some of his misguided friends, banking on the supposedly invincible and irresistible nature of the Mellon backing, had not shoved him forward in print as the real Republican leader of the Senate, the one authoritative administration mouthpiece. If he had been able to put Mr. Woods over, or even if the result had been close as it was in the Warren case, it would still be possible to keep up a pretense that the Reed position as one of the strong men on the Republican side in the Senate had not been lost. But when, supported by the full weight of the administration forces and aided by all the influence the saintly Mr. Mellon could throw his way, he is able to muster only twenty-eight votes out of a Republican membership of fifty-two, the idea that he is a factor in the Senate has to be abandoned. No wonder poor Senator Reed mourns and refuses to be comforted. No wonder he talks morosely of the injustice done Mr. Woods. I think, myself, that some injustice was done that gentleman; but the real damage was done to Mr. Reed himself. Of course, the sainted Mr. Mellon did not come out of the battle over Mr. Woods altogether unscathed. He was nicked in various places. It was not only that he was wholeheartedly back of Senator Reed, his recognized representative, but Mr. Woods was his personal friend, had his personal endorsement and testified before the Senate Committee that he had conferred with Mr. Mellon before accepting the appointment.

As for the good Calvin, it was for him much the most mortifying rejection that has yet taken place. On the surface, he preserved the sour solemnity of manner and mien habitual and natural to the man; but underneath, I am credibly informed, he was tremendously fretted. It was not only the humiliation of having his appointee thrown back by such an overwhelming vote, of having it made plain that there are not at the most more than twenty-eight members of the Senate upon whom he can absolutely count for thick and thin support—it was not only the abject and pitiful spectacle this makes of him as a party leader, but the thing that made him most querulous was that, in addition to Senator Reed, Senator Bingham, Senator Curtis, Senator Fess, and other of the regulation administration wheel horses had all assured him that the votes were there to confirm Mr. Woods. No one had prepared him for the disaster, and he felt he had been misled. Anyone who thinks he was not sore about it does not know our noble President. Things like having an appointment go wrong mean a great deal more to him than anything that happens in Nicaragua or Mexico or China. Appointments are politics, and politics is his meat and drink—not foreign politics, which just bothers him, but domestic politics. As a rule, no one is more sure-footed in these matters than he.

The Woods rejection worried him particularly because recently quite a little run of hard luck has been experienced by the administration. Only the loyal, devoted and all but unanimous support of the press has kept the news of it from being disseminated more widely. For instance, the agricultural situation has got out of control again, right after Mr. Coolidge had been assured a way out had been found that would beach Mr. Lowden and regain for the administration the favor of the Corn Belt states. The Crisp-Curtis bill was to do the trick. It appears that this bill, which was on the surface the joint product of Senator Curtis, Republican, and House Member Crisp, Democrat, was really the administration bill. It contained everything the farmer demanded, save the equalization fee. Keeping far in the background, so as not to arouse farmer suspicion and hostility, Mr. Jardine, the Secretary of Agriculture, it is said, strongly favored the bill as the only possible solution. It is even said he had a covert hand in framing it—though this would probably be denied. Soon after the bill was presented in the House one of the superjournalists supposed to be in close touch with the President unwisely sprang the story that the passage of the Crisp-Curtis bill meant the end of the Lowden movement, and would insure the renomination of the good Calvin with a whoop. Apparently, that ended all chances of the bill. There is a movement on foot among the farm organization leaders to sink their differences and get together. This holds out some prospect of farm relief legislation at this session; but it will not be the Crisp-Curtis bill that goes through. Nor will the legislation be sufficiently satisfactory to keep the farm relief question from being a live issue in the 1928 campaign. The sceptics still maintain that, as usual, there will be no farm legislation at this session. In any event, the administration plan has bogged down.

Then, on top of this bungling of the farm relief proposition, to an amicable settlement of which Mr. Coolidge had hopefully looked forward, things have developed in the last week which make the danger of an extra session, considered negligible ten days ago, quite real. Among Mexico, Nicaragua, China, Frank Smith, farm relief and a silly Senatorial filibuster over, of all things, French spoliation claims, a real legislative jam is threatened. It is feared that the floor leadership in the Senate is not effective enough to handle it adequately. Probably the thing

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Mr. Coolidge wants least, just now, is an extra session. He longs to get Congress off his hands and have the correspondents all to himself, with the Official Spokesman, for seven or eight months more, the only real and genuine source of news. The idea of a new Congress, in which his power would be even less than in this one, a Congress in session right up to the middle of summer, makes him exceedingly fretful.

Curiously enough, his real hope of avoiding this calamity lies in the Democrats. Under normal circumstances, they would be keen for the extra session. Under existing circumstances, they are nothing of the sort. The reason is, that they are completely without a program, have no issue and no unity. Moreover, they are more or less appalled at the inevitable clash between wets and drys that looms ahead in their party. If they had an issue and unity and a genuine leader, they could plunge into an extra session, embarrass Mr. Coolidge and the Republicans very much and gain considerable credit for themselves. As it is, all there would be in an extra session for the Democrats would be a further opportunity to display the division and discord in their ranks. It may come anyhow, but it is certainly true the Democratic leaders do not want it, which convinces you anew that this Mr. Coolidge is indeed a lucky bird. His own astounding futility always seems to be offset by the almost hopeless demoralization of the other party. When I balance one against the other, and take into consideration the tremendous power of the consolidated banking influence behind him, I am inclined to think that, barring accidents, he may get away with this third-term business. If he were a stronger man, I should be sure he could not do it.

In this connection I would like to know what General Dawes thinks of the Vice-Presidential boom of Senator McNary, recently brought out into the open by the Curtis dailies. It has been no secret, here in Washington, that the Oregon Senator is casting an ambitious eye ahead. Also it is no secret that in the mere matter of effective smoothness as a political manipulator and worker, very few men at either end of the Capitol can beat him. He "knows his groceries," as they say in Detroit, and it would not be surprising at all to see the astute Cal tie up with him, if it seems safe to make the big effort for another term. It will not, I believe, surprise Dr. Dawes to be thus dropped. He will insist that nothing could induce him to run again, anyway, and will almost persuade himself that he really means it. But he will suffer some pain when the time comes to say goodbye, none the less. They all do—no matter what they say.

T. R. B.

Washington.

Three Poems

The Cocoon

As far as I can see this autumn haze,
That spreading in the evening air both ways,
Makes the new moon look anything but new,
And pours the elm-tree meadow full of blue,
Is all the smoke from one poor house alone
With but one chimney it can call its own;
So close it will not light an early light,
Keeping its life so close and out of sight,
No one for hours has set a foot out doors
So much as to take care of evening chores.
The inmates may be lonely women folk.
I long to tell them that with all this smoke
They prudently are spinning their cocoon
And anchoring it to an earth and moon
From which no winter wind can hope to blow it—
Spinning their own cocoon, did they but know it.

The Times Table

More than half way up the pass
Was a spring and a broken drinking glass.
And whether the farmer drank or not
His mare was sure to observe the spot
By cramping the wheel on a water-bar
Turning her forehead with a star
And straining her ribs for a monster sigh.
To which the farmer would make reply:
"A sigh for every so many breath
And for every so many sigh a death.
That's what I always tell my wife
Is the multiplication table of life."
The saying may be ever so true,
But it's not the kind of thing that you,
Or I, or anyone else may say,
Unless our purpose is doing harm,
And then I know of no better way
To close a road, abandon a farm,
Reduce the births of the human race,
And bring back nature in peoples' place.

Bereft

Where had I heard this wind before
Change like this to a deeper roar?
What would it take my standing there for,
Holding open a restive door,
Looking down hill to a frothy shore?
Summer was passed and day was passed.
Sombre clouds on the west were massed.
Out in the porch's sagging floor
Leaves got up in a coil and hissed,
Blindly struck at my knee and missed.
Something in the sinister tone
Told me my secret must be known;
Word I was in the house alone
Somehow must have gotten abroad;
Word I was in my life alone;
Word I had no one left but God.

Robert Frost.

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The Silver Cord

The Silver Cord, by Sidney Howard. John Golden Theatre, December 27, 1926.

MISS LAURA HOPE CREWS shows sound discernment in giving the note that she does to her portrayal of this mother in Mr. Howard's play. There are those in the audience, no doubt, who think she exaggerates, makes the character much too extreme; and there are those, very likely, who resent the touch of wit or absurdity that she gives to her characterization. But if you have the faculty of hearing the lines in themselves, of making a division between the rôle and the performance, a distinction between what you see on the stage and the written text of the part, you will appreciate the intelligence and the technical security with which Miss Crews establishes the personage on whom the entire play hangs and the discussion centres.

In The Silver Cord you see first an engaged couple waiting for the arrival of the other brother and his wife. They appear; the two young women like each other. Mrs. Phelps comes in to greet her returning son. She is all absorbed in him. The rest of the play concerns this devotion, this all consuming mother-love that has taken such a part in the two boys' lives. One has been in love from time to time, engaged, involved in a scandal that cost his mother twelve thousand dollars. The other, only after a long absence from his mother's side, has seen a woman that he desired and has married her.

The jealousy theme begins at once and develops throughout the play. Mrs. Phelps persuades the weaker son to break off his engagement. She stops at no arguments, no insinuations, no lies and no threats of dying herself, to gain her ends. The girl, when she learns her lover's state of mind, has hysterics; the new daughter-in-law sides with her. The mother has now the task of winning back the other son. She has put him and his wife in separate rooms, she pays one of her old-time visits to her son's bedside and goes into the old appeals, the pride, affection, weak heart, sacrifice themes, and gradually her son comes toward her again. The wife enters, talks the case over with her husband, and, being a biologist, makes matters clearer than most young women could do. The act ends with the two boys running out to prevent the hysterical girl from drowning in the broken ice of the pond and their mother calling out to them from the window to get their coats, they will have pneumonia. In the third act the struggle between the mother and the son's wife continues; there is a frank modern scene of explanations, followed by maternal faintness and devotion and self-sacrifice and frailty in the old style. The wife leaves with the fiancée, the sons remain with their mother for a moment, after which one of them runs out to join his wife and the other sinks at his mother's knees, while she sits there quoting the passage from the Bible about the love that suffereth long and is kind, that endureth much and so on.

Such an account does the play, which is very fertile in detail, small justice, but it affords an idea of its subject matter and the line that it develops.

To return, then, to Miss Crews and her interpretation, it is clear that this woman with the extremes that are given her in the lines and with those two curtains that she has—one at the window shouting at her sons, who run to prevent a girl's drowning, that they will take cold, and the other quoting those terrible and deep lines about love while her weak son, doomed to degeneracy and decay under her domination, sits almost blubbering at her feet—it is clear that this woman must either be taken as fairly absurd or as a diseased and ominous figure. But for the last to be true and to be taken at the full seriousness of its import, the entire play would have to be deepened and darkened in tone. The dramatic substance would have to be subtly and continuously deeper than it is in The Silver Cord.

But this is not the case in the play; and so it remains to some extent slightly farcical. Its extremes in detail and motivation go quite beyond its substance. No little of its terrific matter and of its powerful motives are used incidentally; tremendous forces out of life are invoked and are managed with great boldness, but both these forces and this boldness remain to a considerable extent incidental.

Miss Crews is right to put that wit into it, to let you know that her character is somewhat absurd and foolish, a woman gifted with words and persuasion, no doubt, but not—in this play at least—to be taken at the full weight of the evil she may work in life.

It is an interesting thing to observe about The Silver Cord that what makes it effective theatre contrives at the same time to make it less profound as art; what makes it more theatrical makes it less deep. This strong shoveling on of effects, this underscoring of points, drives the matter of this play over the footlights with a bang, and sets the simplest people in the audience to debating: all around you in the theatre people are asking if all this is true or not, and are citing instances very like the one on the stage. The extreme case that Mrs. Phelps presents is in line with this theatrical distinctness, but this very extreme of it narrows the play's applicability and makes less true the statement in the last act that all over America there are mothers like this, draining the lives of their sons. On a deeper basis Mr. Howard had for a time a fine case, but as the play progressed his instance lost a good deal of its point by being pushed so far.

This is not saying that theatricality is a bad thing. Granted its present substance, a less theatrical statement of this case of Mrs. Phelps and her sons might have been subtler and truer. But the ideal thing, of course, would be to preserve all this theatricality and at the same time to fill it with a more profound matter and surround it with a deeper texture of life; which is to say that behind these bold strokes and violent motives there should be more imagination, agony and a knowledge of what they cost.

All this, however, must not obscure the fact that The Silver Cord is a remarkable play, always effective, always going ahead. Its progression is always striking; the characters are well drawn and well varied. The device of making the son's wife a biologist, full of explanations and of informations that put people in their places, is an ingenious one; the dialogue all through the play carries well. The Silver Cord represents a steady growth in Mr. Howard's control of his medium, and is easily his best piece of work.

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Mr. John Cromwell has directed the play admirably. Most of the acting is highly competent. In the case of Miss Margalo Gillmore it is excellent—a fine example of her remarkable talent for a realistic rôle that is in the nature of an interlude rather than the central pivot of the play. Miss Crews's performance is a masterpiece.

STARK YOUNG.

The Revolt Against Literature

BY the middle of the eighteenth century the intellectual structure of Europe exhibited an alteration which not even Francis Bacon could have predicted, however much he might have desired it, a century and a half before. The defense of poetry as it was practised by Puttenham, Daniel, and Sidney, and even later by Dryden, required very little effort toward a justification of the art by an appeal to ultimate principles. The particular appeal which gave Sidney's famous Defense such weight of authority was the cultural argument, the argument from tradition. But at the time of Wordsworth's birth (1770) and the dawn of a new era, the appeal to tradition had lost all its self-evident character and much of its plausibility. The tradition had been impugned. The various mechanistic hypotheses started in the seventeenth century had perceptibly transformed the order and significance of the past. This influence in turn began to modify man's vision of the immediate world. Gibbon's Decline and Fall is typical of the transformation of the human past; La Mettrie's L'Homme la Machine, of the dehumanization of the continuous present. The world scheme projected by such works—I take these named at random—having suffused the thought of educated men and modified the social order, the situation which confronted the new generation of poets at the end of the Classical Age was acute.

The value, place, and future of poetry were rendered desperately infirm, and Shelley, facing the crisis, deepened and extended the significance of his art, clothed it with a reality and authority which had never been explicitly claimed for it before. What Mr. I. A. Richards calls the Magical View of the world, which with its vast system of attitudes and beliefs forms the body of our traditional culture, had begun to totter, and poetry with it. Shaken for more than two centuries, the Magical View has by now almost collapsed: the question which concerns those who still believe that poetry is for some reason indispensable to humanity is, Will poetry survive the downfall of the myths and beliefs upon which it has been assumed to be radically based? Mr. Richards's book, Science and Poetry (W. W. Norton and Company), is an attempt to state the problem, and to set forth the conditions under which poetry may survive, if it shall survive at all. That the crisis is one of the major sort is witnessed by Mr. Richards's own position: he is a scientific mechanist, but he sees nevertheless that modern science does not afford the materials for so fine a spiritual organization as that which the old mythical culture fostered.

In the first place, as Mr. Richards points out, fewer persons than ever before are able to read poetry. It is too simple and, as Mr. Mencken has repeatedly said, too nonsensical and childish; it is too false, for its images momently contradict the plain order of reality of science, and of common sense. These violences done the causally connected world of ordinary observation, Mr. Richards aptly calls "pseudo-statements," assertions of attitudes, the factual basis of which science under a panoply of hypotheses proves to be false. Webster's line

> Cover her face; mine eyes dazzle; she died young

would hardly be rejected by the most confirmed of scientific literalists; yet we conceivably approach the time when a strict scientific version of the phenomena will discredit it. The components of an organism are transformed and rearranged, but they do not, in any demonstrable sense, "die." Thus, the harassed Duchess was not murdered, and Ferdinand's remorse was rhetorical pseudo-statement, to be charged to his inadequate observation of the phenomena.

Mr. Richards's conclusion, then, is that poetry has a future only in so far as it can get along without these statements which are scientifically false; for, says Mr. Richards, we have begun to get "genuine knowledge on a large scale." In passing, one may point out that while it is true that most educated persons are no longer capable of belief in the literal truth of such statements, it does not follow that the knowledge which Mr. Richards speaks of is irrefutably genuine. He calls it "certified scientific statement." In the fourteenth century the Ptolemaic cosmology had been a certified scientific statement for twelve hundred years. Any modern not suffocated by his zeitgeist finds the issue between Ptolemy and Copernicus drawn to a nice balance, and his decision would be perilous.

The only field legitimately open to modern poets, according to Mr. Richards, is the assertion of attitudes fortified by a minimum of beliefs, or preferably none at all. But as Mr. Richards very well knows, great poetry cannot be written without the background of a perfectly ordered world which men have assimilated to their attitudes and convictions. In Dante the *idea,* the certified scientific statement, cannot be distinguished from the *attitude,* the pseudo-statement; the only separation possible lies in the violence of some such abstract distinction as Mr. Richards employs. The contemporary poet, if he *is* contemporary, suffers from a malady of disbelief—which is to say, his attitudes lack the authority and form which only the belief can give them. Compare the lines

> The stricken crowds sink ages into death,
> Fall back into their coffins, pull down the lid

with Dante's familiar verse

> In la sua Volontade è la nostra pace.

A substantial identity between the two attitudes could, I think, be established, but their formal references, their schemes of idea, are structurally different. The former, in Mr. Richards's terms, is pure pseudo-statement; the latter, pseudo-statement supported by a universally shared belief implying a complete, rationally defined world. Miss Gottschalk's assertion has for its context only the personal psychology of the poet; Dante's, a coherent universe,

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the terms of which require no argument and lie ready to be used. The advantages the poet had in Dante's time are obvious: his chief interest focused on his method, the ordered differentiation of his perceptions within a given scheme. The modern poet has to construct, besides his personal vision, the scheme itself. The scheme too often becomes labored, arbitrary, local, or pastiche. The separation between the schematic idea and the attitude, no longer abstract, becomes real; and the poem fails.

Since the progress of the Enlightenment through more than two centuries has forced men into a preoccupation with the scientific fact, to the neglect of the human attitude, it is not astonishing that the most conspicuous result of the historical method has been to disqualify many of our best minds for the traditional functions of criticism. Writers are examined, not for their artistic effectiveness, but for the origin and, still more perniciously, for the assumed pathology of their ideas. What is looked for is found. Back of the method lurks the obsession for the scientific fact. Critics get increasingly intolerant of the writer whose vision of the fact contradicts the order of nature assumed by their method. I intend no disrespect whatever to science, but a great deal to its less rational, its merely literary practitioners, and to its avowed popularizers, who naïvely expound a lop-sided metaphysic.

The position of the critic is, in an unimportant sense, more secure than that of the poet, but it is scarcely more enviable. The informed critic possessed of the *critical* intelligence, who tests his own assumptions instead of applying others which he gets he knows not where, cannot but look upon the scene with profound misgivings, and in his weaker moments, with contempt. This position is shared by Paul Valéry, T. S. Eliot and, to an extent, by Mr. Richards himself. The split mind of the poet meets its counterpart in the disfranchised intellect of the critic. We can no longer evaluate the poetry of Dante simply because we no longer believe the doctrine of the Trinity. There is a certain meanness of intellectual balance in the contemporary mind. What are the assumptions of the main current of American criticism in the last ten years? This school connects more profoundly with the moral nihilism of Anderson and Lawrence, and the other exponents of the revolt against the intellect, than with the intellectual humanism of Sainte-Beuve and Matthew Arnold, from whom it presumably descends. The existing case made out against American literature violently exceeds its deficiencies. Witness the late performance of Mr. Brooks on Henry James. James's best work is tortured into "frustration," and this chief honor of American letters succumbs to an a priori humiliation. It is impossible to doubt the sincerity of Mr. Brooks and his disciples. But it is not what they *think* they think, it is the meaning of their activity related to the modern scene as a whole, an activity eventuating in a revolt against literature itself, which rises to the proportions of a menace.

The digression is not irrelevant. Mr. Richards is an Englishman, but his problem, local differences aside, is ours. A victim himself of the modern dissociation, he has nevertheless articulated the problem. Few, here or in England, know that it exists ALLEN TATE.

Things as They Ought to Be

IT'S not a pretty picture, is it? We must do something about it. We can't go on living in a world where the important things are—Tris and Ty suspected but reinstated, Mellon forbidding dry-trap methods, four firemen dying in burning debris, professors saying bare knees are healthy, Red Moran pleading insanity, jockeys getting disqualified for short weight, wives leaving, husbands suing, girls alleging, men denying, and Daddy Browning sandpapering shoe-trees in the middle of the night.

It's all wrong. Things must be changed. But we should be constructive as well as destructive. Let us begin by imagining a world, a Utopia, in which these and other trivial, sordid accidents do not occur, a Utopia in which the sense of the dignity of life will replace petty scandals and accidents. And, having imagined, let us all work together toward a civilization, to mature in 2027,

In which stamps will always stick to envelopes, and the tongues that lick them will always be wet.

In which there are no plumbers, nor crazy inventions, nor prize-fights, nor second-hand automobiles.

In which ministers are always true to their wives, and vice-versa, with no murders on either side.

In which circus animals never escape, spreading panic and elephant-bites and headlines in their wake.

In which no baseball game is ever thrown, nor do the inmates of educational institutions accuse each other of rough football.

In which no wills are ever contested, nor divorces granted, or even desired; in which heart-balm suits are an anachronism, and widows never sue companies for husbands fallen off tug-boat, because there will be no tug-boats, and no falling from anything, or into anything, or on to anything, or through anything, whether top-floor, ladder, spike fence or skylight.

In which all banana-peels are harmless, and laughter the child of verbal wit alone.

In which ceilings do not crack, nor stairs creak, nor bindings split, nor hot water run cold, nor milk sour, nor hats blow away in the wind.

In which horses do not fall down in the street.

In which there is neither want nor want-ads.

In which everyone speaks kindly of everyone else, always, no matter what has happened.

In which the Constitution needs no amendment, nor the amendments enforcement, nor the enforcement secret-agents, nor the secret-agents money, nor the money marks of identification.

In which there are no unfavorable reviews, nor any books so bad as to deserve them.

In which there is no plagiarism, no mistranslation, no misquotation, no miscegenation, no misanthropy, and a clean towel on every rack.

In which razor blades are never dull, and disappear of themselves.

In which advertising is truthful, timid and scanty.

In which there are no shortages, embezzlements, tempted cashiers, bucket shops, headquarters, con-men, overdrafts, mortgage expirations, instalment deadlines or loans from friend to friend; in which stocks remain stock-still,

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and bonds are always at par; in which liabilities never exceed assets, and oldest employes are retired with full pay.

In which cats do not climb sixty-foot trees and have to be rescued.

In which all Senators are elected free of charge, say nothing, and vote according to their consciences.

In which, since no streams are more than three feet deep, people never get drowned, and can walk across the English Channel.

In which chastity, marital bliss, innocence of body and of mind exclusively prevail.

In which there are no murders, no hold-ups, no second-story men, no yeggs, no thieves, no fences, and therefore no policemen, no detectives, no detective stories nor writers and readers of them.

In which there are no aged multi-millionaires celebrating their birthdays by giving dimes to common mortals.

In which there are no subway-rush hours nor traffic jams, nor any automobiles made to go faster than fifteen miles an hour.

In which large cities are liquidated, and the inhabitants live in suburbs several hundred miles long, while rural handicrafts take the place of mass production, and the industry of the country is largely confined to erecting guild villages and copying Indian grass baskets.

In which no one ever is sent to, or escapes from, jail.

In which the big news of the day, and the two-inch headlines, are concerned with Things that Matter, such as child study associations, the Society for the Understanding of St. Francis, the Fresh Fish Fund, the crop of daisies in the park, the increasing longevity of man, and the necessity for holding an opinion about the existence of snails on Sirius.

In which Bowls are built, not to see Tunney lick Dempsey, or the battles of the Big Three, but to hear papers about the reaction-patterns of pre-infancy.

In which the mind of the average citizen, janitor or hardware salesman is occupied, in his idle moments, with the following things in the following proportions: sympathy, 15 percent; sociology, 29 percent; European developments, 16 percent; technical discoveries, 22 percent; handicapped children, 9 percent; general idealism, 69 percent; land reclamation, 11 percent; ethics, 85 percent; sex and golf, 1 percent each.

In which youngsters travel across continents on motorcycles to compete in the Wiggly contest (prize $25,000) for the best explanation of the nebular hypothesis and Its Meaning to Us.

In which the Survey and the Political Science Quarterly each have circulations of two million, but the Red Book and the Cosmopolitan only thirteen thousand between them.

In which poolroom conversations would be concerned chiefly with the problem of delinquent children—did any poolrooms exist.

In which the man or woman graduating from the university with record high honors in analytical chemistry is immediately offered vaudeville and movie engagements worth all the money you can think of.

In which excitement has given way to "significance."

In which Mind Improvement associations spread all over the country, buy out the dwindling Nobles, and turn their Shrines into temples of learning.

In which the prototypes of Aimee McPherson, Bernarr Macfadden, John Roach Straton, Judge Landis, and indeed all public minstrels and entertainers, would soon be in the poorhouse, friendless and unknown.

In which strikes, lunatics, lynchings, bastards, skiddings, slanders, freaks, cuss-words, guns, trepannings, raids, suicides, triple-plays, deceptions, roasts, grade-crossings, elopements, wars, benders, screams, barbecues, dismissals, seductions, flops, fights, failures, libels, hop-joints, tempers, disagreements, elections, treacheries, wise-cracks, slips, falls, frame-ups, third-degrees, excommunications, re-marriages, collisions, catastrophes and disclaimers, indeed all that makes life at present so fascinating to read about, would be swept away in favor of a highly serious and moral degree of uneventfulness.

You may welcome such a Utopia, but would you find it interesting? R. L.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Meaning of the Chinese Crisis

SIR: There are many persons, including tourists, newcomers and even old-timers, like Mr. Robert E. Lewis, who do not find it difficult to present interpretations or explanations of the situation in China. After five years of steady Peking diet, I confess no such ability; or, rather, I should say that I do not claim to be able to fathom the meaning of the latest, or recent, Chinese crisis.

I agree with the author of the article in the recent issue of the New Republic that "the Chinese do not believe in the dictatorship of the proletariat," but I do not believe there is any such demand for "China for the Chinese" as suggested in his opening paragraph. To my way of looking at things in China, "the Chinese" have not yet begun to have much to do or say in their own country. The fact that foreigners have the treaty right to be protected by their own governments does not bother the average Chinese; he is bothered when his chance to live is endangered. Foreigners endanger this chance hardly at all when compared with their own Chinese rulers. . .

So far as I am able to discern, the Chinese view which was presented in this article is more or less the view held by the propagandists working for General Chiang Kai-shek, the Cantonese army chief, and Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, the northern ally of Chiang. If this is so, then it is not surprising that many inaccurate statements of fact should accompany the interpretation of the Chinese situation, because Chinese propagandists, no matter of which political faction, are, like foreign propagandists, not especially concerned with facts.

Take a few examples. Among other things the foreigners are said to "centre large fleets of warships off China's well-nigh defenseless coast." To be sure, China's coast is practically undefended, and this explains why coast steamer after coast steamer gets pirated by Chinese passengers and taken off to Bias Bay, the notorious pirate stronghold in south China. If there were no foreign warships along China's coast, no coast steamer would be safe. . . .

"They guard the one hundred miles from the sea to the capital." Nevertheless, a civil war only a year ago was waged between the sea and the capital and no foreign guards were able to keep the railway open according to treaty stipulations. "The powers interfere everywhere with the internal administration." Although this is not substantiated by proof and is not true to fact, in my opinion, the writer might be pleased to know that foreign powers have protested violations of their treaties, but without avail, as the provincial rulers, usually dictators in their own areas, completely ignore protests forwarded to them through either the Peking

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Foreign Office or the foreign consuls. "They flout the sovereignty of China." Can anyone explain what "the sovereignty of China" means when there is no Chinese government, nor president, with whom the foreign powers may negotiate? . . .

It is too naïve, really, to explain the many personal battles between Chinese militarists by saying that the powers are to blame, having set one against the other. Yet the writer of that article, after saying the powers "foment turmoil," promptly asserts, two sentences later, that "these foreigners from abroad want quiet that they may make profit." If they are responsible for China's wars, they cannot also want quiet.

As for the powers backing "this or that rebel against the state," it is worth noting, perhaps, that all of China's military leaders—Chang, Wu, Feng, Chiang, Sun—have, at one time or other, been in the opposition group against whoever controlled the Peking governmental machinery, which the foreign powers, including Russia, have recognized without interruption. Even when Feng, widely quoted as the "Christian General," controlled Peking in November, 1924, the powers did not dream of backing his rivals who were then dubbed "rebels" as they did not control the Peking régime. . . .

Finally, take the charge that "the Christian powers are insisting upon measures against China, treaties and conditions which impinge upon her sovereignty and make internal unity impossible. . . . During all the modern history of China, America has been her traditional friend, but when it comes to a showdown there is no firm American policy that China can rely upon. On the contrary, we have taken our line in European affairs. Can we not again have a distinctive American policy in the Orient?" asks the writer in conclusion. This picture may please but is not true to fact. The treaty powers do not insist on retaining their treaties unchanged; on the contrary, they have been trying, since October, 1925, to revise their treaties, but they have not been able to make progress on account of repeated overturns of the government at Peking, thus preventing negotiations from succeeding. Even the phantom government at Peking, under the guidance of Dr. Wellington Koo (once Chinese Minister at Washington), in October boldly declared the abrogation of a treaty with Belgium, the first foreign treaty to be publicly broken by the Peking régime which the powers have thus far recognized. The Canton régime, on the other hand, assumes that no treaties exist, since their régime is not recognized by the powers.

How can there be a "firm" American policy in China so long as there is no permanent government with which to deal? How can the United States negotiate a revision of her treaties with China when China has no delegation to participate in this work? What else can the American Legation at Peking do than wait patiently, and somewhat pessimistically, until "China" is ready to negotiate? . . .

JOHN GILBERT REID.

Peking, China.

The Perfect Behaviorist

SIR: May I make a mild protest, (merely for the sake of the record), against the dogmatic disdain with which Lyle H. Lanier dismisses Professor Ogden's Psychology and Education, in your issue of January 19? It would appear, from Mr. Lanier's remarks, that Watson is the only real psychologist today—all other so-called "psychologists" being "fundamentalists" of various besotted degrees. He even goes so far as to imply that Watson has actually found "the molds of experience"—an implication that betrays him a bit, but that will surprise no one who has read Watson's materials critically. The difficulty is that, as Professor Ogden points out, your behaviorist wants to solve all the problems of psychology "in terms of situation and response, the former as a physical datum, the latter as a biological datum." This simplification is supposed to provide all the elements necessary to a "scientific account of behavior." But what it actually provides is "behaviorism," which is something else.

JOSEPH K. HART.

New York, N. Y.

The Dial and the New Writers

SIR: May I, as a former managing editor of The Dial, and present associate of yours, protest a little belatedly against the semi-editorial reference you made to The Dial in a recent issue? The point was well made that the five successive recipients of The Dial award were contributors to that magazine five years or so ago. But the accusation of implacable hostility to new writers does not exactly follow and is not in accordance with the facts. I write as a comparative outsider, but, as an outsider, I am able to look over the table of contents of recent issues of The Dial. Apart from its regular departments and book reviews, I find from three to seven names on each month's contents page which are not only new to The Dial's list of contributors, but are wholly unknown to me. It does not follow that any of these are great artists; if you happen not to like their work, you may accuse The Dial of bad judgment, but you cannot accuse it of not admitting the work of new writers.

New York, N. Y. GILBERT SELDES.

[The New Republic did not say that The Dial never printed the work of *new* writers, but that it did not "interest itself in the original work" of new writers and that it had scarcely, since 1920, encouraged a single *interesting* American writer who had come upon the scene since that time.—THE EDITORS.]

Another View of Haydon

SIR: The *best* books have been so thoroughly superseded, in our own generation, by the *latest*, that the subjoined postscript to Virginia Woolf's able article in your issue of Dec. 29, 1926, will probably come as a surprise to most of your readers. I am quoting from Trevelyan's excerpts of Lord Macaulay's diaries:

> Read Haydon's memoirs. Haydon was exactly the vulgar idea of a man of genius. . . . He painted signs and gave himself more airs than if he had painted the Cartoons. . . . Whether you struck him or stroked him, starved him or fed him, he snapped at your hand in just the same way.

If this indictment and the doctrine of metempsychosis be both true, an oppressive problem arises: into which body resident in Greenwich Village has Haydon's soul migrated? . . .

New York, N. Y. JAMES FUCHS.

The Anti-Saloon League and the American Civil Liberties Union

SIR: The Anti-Saloon League is engaged in supporting the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, the American Civil Liberties Union is engaged in supporting the First Amendment and several others. Yet we find increasing millions of public funds appropriated to the purposes of the Anti-Saloon League and none whatever appropriated to the American Civil Liberties Union. Surely one part of the Constitution is as important as any other. In his Presidential address President Coolidge warns us that some parts of the Constitution should not be observed and others openly flouted. With that we all agree, and its corollary is that the American Civil Liberties Union should receive at least as great financial support from the federal government as the Anti-Saloon League receives.

EDWARD MITCHELDEAN.

Oakland, Calif.

A Correction

[We regret that, owing to a typographical error, the first sentence in the letter entitled Teachers or Nursemaids? appearing in the New Republic of January 26, failed to convey the author's meaning. The sentence should have read: "What I have to say applies only to large undergraduate courses."—THE EDITORS.]

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Ludwig's Napoleon

Napoleon, by Emil Ludwig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. New York: Boni and Liveright. 707 pages. $5.

IN THIS book," says Ludwig, "I have tried to write the inner life of Napoleon. . . . Irrelevant was the course of the battles; irrelevant the contemporary opposition of the European States. . . . What we have all learned about him at school and the university has here been restricted to a minimum." And what we learn about him from Ludwig wipes out most of what we knew before—the legendary madman, the military genius, the author of administrative reforms and legal codes, the man who peopled the thrones of Europe with his relations, has given place to a far more logical and complete, but also far more mysterious figure.

Mr. Ludwig comes as near to the heart of the mystery as anyone imaginably could. At some points he bores a little too deep and comes out on the other side, for example, when he takes the liberty—which he freely confesses—of putting into Napoleon's mouth soliloquies and meditations which might quite possibly have occurred to him, but which are too much like what he did think and say to be useful. In every other respect Ludwig's book—here and there rather breathless and magniloquent in manner—is an astounding and overwhelming feat, fair-minded, penetrating, often brilliant, extremely readable, and a most solid rearrangement of the richest treasury of relevant facts, quotations, documents. Ludwig, while he assumes in his readers some knowledge of the history of the times, and discounts knowledge of much of that history as unimportant, keeps Napoleon in a constant relation to the background of European events. His skill in holding the same altitude of a bird's eye view throughout the book is masterly: Napoleon is always at the same distance from us, except in the last chapters. The account of life on St. Helena, where the European background is very dim, brings Napoleon suddenly much nearer. By far the most moving chapters in the book, they arouse in us a pity and interest that is almost affection for the man who, in the first part of the book, inspired the admiration and curiosity of fascinated horror.

Here is the proud Corsican, despising the French, writing a romantic novel, thinking of suicide, copying out whole speeches of House of Commons debates. Here is the gloomy dejected lieutenant, stirred by the tragic ending of a play, "hastening from the theatre that his mood may not be jarred by the subsequent farce." Now someone asks him, "What is happiness?" and he answers, "The highest possible development of my talents." Here he is on the threshold of his career, in the Operations Department of the French army. But the world is too small. Within twelve days, he asks to be transferred to Turkey. Riding over a mountain pass into Italy, the glass of Josephine's portrait shivers. "My wife is ill or unfaithful." Forward! now he is in Italy: "Our age has produced nothing great. I want to set an example." He sends Josephine "a million kisses, even for your horrid Fortuné!" Fortuné—the lap-dog who, on their wedding-night, shared the bed with them, and bit Napoleon on the leg.

During the campaign, there are suicides among the troops. An order of the day: "The soldier must conquer the pain and the melancholy of the passions." From Italy he sends back captured paintings for the Louvre, and his taste is excellent. Mme. de Staël describes him at this time: "He is neither good nor bad, neither gentle nor cruel. He is unique; he can neither inspire nor feel affection, he neither loves nor hates; he is more and less than a man." He takes a boatload of scientists to Egypt with him, and brings back the Rosetta Stone. He orders three thousand Turkish prisoners to be marched down to the sea and slaughtered. He slips by the English fleet in the Mediterranean; they play cards on deck in the starlight; Napoleon cheats. "Next morning, with mischievous glee, he owns up, and restores his ill-gotten gains." He lands at Ajaccio, is met by his old nurse: "Figlio! caro figlio!" He learns that his victories in Italy have been swept away. He is restored to Josephine, who says she is two million francs in debt. "He pays without a word." He goes to the Institute "to deliver a lecture on the vestiges of the ancient Suez canal." He fears poison, and eats only what his servant hands him. At thirty, he talks of "my old heart, which knows human beings for what they are." He works eighteen hours a day, dictates to four secretaries at once. Is there anything he does not know? Ségur sends in a report on the coast fortifications. "You have forgotten," says Napoleon, "two of the four guns in Ostend. They are on the high road behind the town."

He remains a foreigner: "The French are what the Gauls were, fierce and fickle. They are accessible to only one sentiment, the love of honor." He makes Marshals right and left, "to safeguard my own imperial title of 'Majesty.' The Marshals, having grand titles of their own, cannot make fun of me." He snatches the crown from the Pope, and places it on his own head, with his own hands. He tells his brother Lucien that he can occupy the throne of Naples, Italy, Spain, or any other. He asks the court ladies whether they suckle their babies themselves. He complains that, since if he declared himself the son of the Father Eternal, every fishwife would laugh in his face, "there is nothing great left for me to do." And French children recite the Napoleonic catechism referring to him as "God's image on earth." He orders a naval review in a storm, despite his admiral's protest, and later two hundred bodies are washed ashore. He dismisses Fulton as a "charlatan." He promises his soldiers that, as a great favor, for once he will keeep out of the firing line, and asks them "to name your children after me." He finds that he is really steering toward the organization of a United States of Europe, but by the time he finds this out, it is too late. From Poland, on the eve of Tilsit, he writes to his ministers to found a new historical university, and to submit proposals for "livening up the various forms of belles lettres."

He writes to his brother Jerome: "Inclosed you will find the constitution of your kingdom." He has remarkable, long, frank conversations with Müller and Goethe. As he travels furiously across Europe, the road behind him is strewn with books, memoranda and state papers which he has heaved out of the carriage window. He thinks Marie Louise charming, and calls her his "bonne petite animale"; meanwhile the Countess Wolewska has borne him a son, whom he at once makes a Count of the Empire. When the Empress's own hour of labor comes, when a choice must be made between the vehicle of a possible heir, whom he married solely for that purpose, and the possible heir himself, he tells the doctors that "The mother's life comes first." When the Minister for Finance objects, just before the Russian campaign, that France must have peace, Napoleon cuts him short: "Not at all! It is true that our finances are disordered, but that is why we need war!"

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The jails are filled with his critics. He marches into Russia supplied with huge quantities of forged rubles. He marches back, almost alone, and says: "In Russia I lost three hundred thousand men, but only a tenth of them were Frenchmen!" Marmont, Talleyrand, Augereau, Fouché and a host of others, betray him, are rebuked, reinstated, forgiven, and betray him again; though he dealt with them severely he seems never to have felt bitterly about any of them, for is he not something more than a man? When he is sent to Elba, his private fortune is stolen: a hundred and fifty million francs. When he gets there, "one must acknowledge," he says, "that the island is very small," and he orders chairs from Pisa, to cost not over five francs each.

The Hundred Days, the happiest of his life, come, and are quickly gone. He is done for, but he writes to the Directors: "I offer to place myself at the head of an army. At sight of me the soldiers will recover their courage." He nearly sails for America—how would our history read had he succeeded? At last he is betrayed, and "Boney" is taken into Plymouth on the Bellerophon. He is seen on her deck; all at once thousands of curious heads in small boats about the harbor are bared. Now he is on the final, dismal rock, extinct as the volcano itself, dictating, with a terrible pain in his stomach, puttering, planting a garden. Las Cases's servant steals a diamond cross belonging to Gourgaud; in order to secure peace, the Emperor has to put the cross in his own pocket, and, later, present it to Gourgaud with the assurance that he had taken it himself. He writes in his diary, "Oh Liberty, why am I a prisoner!" and cross-questions a British doctor: "How many patients suffering from ailments affecting the liver had you on board? How many cases of dysentery? What is the fee for a consultation in England? What is the pension awarded to an army surgeon? . . . What is death, or how would you define it? When does the soul quit the body? When does a body just receive a soul?"

There he is, bursting through such incidents, and a thousand more, and who from them could sum him up, and say how much of him was Emperor, how much was criminal, madman, genius, deliverer, how much was human and how much was sent to us from the boundary line of hell and heaven as a miraculous caricature of our double origin?

ROBERT LITTELL.

Marriage in Our Generation

The Book of Marriage: a New Interpretation, by Twenty-four Leaders of Contemporary Thought; arranged and edited by Count Hermann Keyserling. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 511 pages. $5.

THE BOOK OF MARRIAGE and the Book of the Ego are always in conflict. But in our time the Book of the Ego is the popular bible: a pained, a sick, a weary generation has enough difficulty to live alone in its vacuum, without bringing in a perpetual partner, to serve as reminder of what a friend of mine used to call "the ordeal of reality." The family is a biological fact; so is sexual intercourse; and love and hunger and procreation keep the world going, whether it wishes to or not. But marriage is a cultural form: like every such form it rests upon desire and faith, and must be transmitted and renewed from generation to generation if its practices are not to become meaningless, and lapse. Our generation in America lacks the spiritual energy to create and carry on the great cultural forms; it lives, if at all, only in the forms that are imposed externally: its great architecture is the skyscraper, which was created automatically by the ground landlord; its chief form of recreation is the automobile; its equivalent for building the Beloved Community is the elimination of industrial waste. Is it any wonder that marriage dwindles into a purely legal relationship, which ceases to have any legal bearing in fact when the two partners are on an equal economic footing? Instead of finding ourselves in marriage, we prefer to lose ourselves in sex. Count Keyserling's Book of Marriage recalls us to a lost world!

The Book of Marriage—marriage in space, in time, and in eternity. It is under these abstract philosophical categories that Count Keyserling, true to his traditional training, groups the twenty-four contributions to the subject. These essays range from anthropological considerations by A. W. Nieuwenhuis, a Dutch professor, to rather silly subjective vaporings about Marriage and Proletarianism by Paul Ernst; they include expositions of the status of marriage in China, in India and in the New World, an apology for the marriage of convention, by Count Paul Thun Hohenstein, a criticism of romantic marriage, by Ricarda Huch, and a polemic against marriage as an institution by a German Buddhist. A Jewish rabbi, a Catholic priest, a popular novelist, a group of psychoanalytic practitioners—these are here, too. All these contributions are brought into relationship by Count Keyserling's initial essay on The Correct Statement of the Marriage Problem.

White light is made up of seven colors: the truth of marriage has many more elements; and Count Keyserling has attempted, within his limits, to converge them into a single ray. "Within his limits"! There are two grave gaps, perhaps three. No single essay deals with marriage as affected by children, or with marriage as conditioned by the physical household and its place in economic society. Somewhere under space, time, or eternity these things exist—and matter. Le Play, who dealt with the form and stability of the family, as affected by the type of work, might have provided a useful reminder of the economic aspect; and Balzac, who dealt with the Physiology of Marriage, would not have forgotten that the union of two souls has a housing problem. I do not wish facetiously to belittle an interesting and valuable book: but the fact is that a discussion which does not at some point treat of marriage in relation to the factory and the dwelling suffers from leisure class limitations. The ethical, the æsthetic and the erotic elements in marriage all depend more upon work and environment than one who habitually suffers from no handicap in these departments can well believe.

I make this critical comment at the beginning, because the core of Count Keyserling's work is sound; and his own essay on the problem itself is well rounded, just, at times profound. For Count Keyserling, marriage is not primarily an institution for the securing of regularity in sexual relations or responsibility in propagation: sex, children, status, all enter into marriage and condition it: but the condition itself Keyserling defines as a state of tension between two individuals of the opposite sex who acquire a sense of a common destiny. This relation is not necessarily a happy one: in fact, for highly developed people a "happy" marriage is in some sense a low marriage, a marriage incapable of fostering the growth of personality. Marriage, then, is not a solution of the problem of happiness; still less is it merely a function of sex. St. Paul was in fact a traitor to the idea of marriage, when he said it was better to marry than to burn. "The essential difficulties of life do not end, but rather begin, with marriage. The conscious acceptance of responsibility in life means, ipso facto, the acceptance of suffering."

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Marriage is above all the acceptance of responsibility, that is, the placing of the individual's life in relation to the social order and the cosmos. Let me quote Count Keyserling at length:

> In marriage, man becomes aware of the tragedy essential to life, in the form of a personal problem, a problem in the sense that tragedy cannot be abolished. Human life, inasmuch as it is superior to that of plants and animals, starts only with the perception of the inevitability of tragedy and its willing acceptance. From this it is evident in what sense a perfect marriage must represent for man the highest achievement of his purpose. In marriage, tragic tension is instinctively accepted as the basis of life. In marriage, from the outset, each individual finds his correct adjustment to the cosmic purpose. . . . Thus suffering can mean happiness just as much as satisfaction can; and the most poignant pain can be joyously accepted if it is recognized as the fulfillment of man's destiny. . . . Only when man has learned to realize the integrated totality of his nature in marriage, only when he can experience in it simultaneously fulfillment (biology), commandment (ethics), art (æsthetics), and a sacrament (religion), does he begin to achieve the full meaning of marriage.

Although I speak a different philosophic dialect from Keyserling, it nevertheless seems to me that his statement is, in essentials, fairly correct. There is no problem in marriage if the people who espouse this particular form for their sexual and family relations have no sense of continuity, or of a common destiny: the marriage that blooms in church in June and withers in the Divorce Court in September is a canonized liaison: and people who have perceived that legal ceremonies are expensive and canonical sanctions meretricious and who have foregone these expensive luxuries, do much less harm to the institution than those who avail themselves cheaply of divorce, or who use the established form merely as a cloak for a quite different kind of existence. Today, the common ethos of marriage has broken down; and to take its place, we must work out a conscious philosophy. Woe to the half-hearted, the unbelieving, or the unphilosophical, who have escaped the ethos and have achieved nothing else! Unless a state of "tragic tension" is worth preserving, it is scarcely worth beginning. If marriage is not an adventure and an ordeal, heroically to be endured, it can only be a sad retreat, or a succession of retreats, banners drooping, from a series of unwilling partnerships.

The problem of marriage, at the outset, then, is whether a tragic relationship is worth espousing, and whether one has the courage to face the music. Once that is settled, the details of the problem become more significant: what weight must be given to romantic preference, as against family status, what psychological readjustments are necessary, what types of personality are usually complementary and tend toward a keen and balanced adjustment—in short, all the knowledge and the insight that are needed, once one is prepared to embrace the relationship as a whole, then become relevant. If The Book of Marriage, of its nature, can offer no solutions for specific situations, it does in fact what it sets out to do: it puts the problem of marriage in almost all of its manifold bearings. In spite of all Count Keyserling's care, the essays are uneven in quality; and on certain points, like the argument for the marriage of convention or status, as against the marriage of individual preference, the editor has loaded the dice rather heavily in favor of the former; but the symposium is, on the whole, more satisfactory than such diversified offerings usually are; and no one can contemplate his own marriage, in prospect or retrospect, without gaining new insight from one or another of the contributors. If The Book of Marriage is not, perhaps, all that one hoped on first seeing its title, the answer is possibly because its most significant chapters can be written out only privately in the daily acts of life.

LEWIS MUMFORD.

The Social Dramatist

Plays: Sixth Series, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 97 pages. $2.50.

Representative Plays, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 469 pages. $1.60.

John Galsworthy as a Dramatic Artist, by R. H. Coats. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 250 pages. $1.50.

Verses New and Old, by John Galsworthy. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 60 pages. $1.50.

THE best of the new series of Mr. Galsworthy's plays, Old English, is a dramatization of one of his stories and not particularly characteristic of his dramatic methods. Indeed, as a play, it rather lacks that crispness and neatness which Mr. Galsworthy knows so well how to manage, and the last act trails off into a dying close of a kind often effective in fiction, but unsatisfying on the stage. We know, however, from George Arliss's production of Old English, how effective, up to its final scene, this last act can be: the humor, the flavor and the spirit of the central character make up for the lack of structure of the play. Humor, flavor and spirit are, however, precisely what these two other recent plays of Mr. Galsworthy's particularly lack. Both have themes which, in the hands of the Galsworthy of Strife and The Skin Game, might have been made stirring and impressive: The Forest deals with the exploitation of Africa by the European countries at the end of the last century and The Show with the modern debauchery of private life by newspaper publicity. Part of the failure of The Forest is perhaps due to the fact that Galsworthy is here attempting to write realistically of a life of which he knows nothing at first hand; the diversity of character of the business men and adventurers who were the agents of African colonization and the complexity of the situations to which, even in the wilds of the jungle, their diverse ambitions gave rise, are conceived with all Galsworthy's intelligence and his large grasp of human affairs. But in general, the personages of these plays are mere counters representing different interests, different classes, professions and nations, each labeled and put through his moves, but unendowed with any emotional life which would compel us to believe in them; and their crisp stenographic speech, so attractive and so crackling in the author's early plays, has, so far now from conveying an effect of naturalness, become a kind of artificial mannerism like the bookish talk of the characters in Meredith and Henry James.

The best of Mr. Galsworthy's plays are included in the excellent selection of Professor Baker. These plays, if not quite of the very first rank, the rank of Shaw and Chekhov and Hauptmann, are without question among the most distinguished plays which the school of social drama has produced. We have begun to consider the social drama old-fashioned, and it is certainly true that its vices and deficiencies were never so manifest as in some of Mr. Galsworthy's latest and worst plays. It is perhaps also true that this form of literature—I include the social novel with the social drama—is nearing its term. But most of

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the objection to the kind itself seems to me rather unintelligent. There is nothing inartistic in itself about the play which presents a social problem. On the contrary, this form has been a most valuable one, and one of the principal literary discoveries of the last century. When I speak of the social drama or the social novel, I do not, of course, mean merely a realistic drama or a realistic novel: I mean one in which each of the characters is put forward as a representative of his profession or class and in which the subject is really not the individual—not Hamlet of Phèdre or la Locandiera or Faust—but society itself from the point of view of its social and economic relations. There had never been anything quite like this form before: it was the artistic reflection of the new sciences of sociology and economics. And it included, not only Shaw, Chekhov, Galsworthy and Hauptmann, but also Wells, France, Brieux, Mirbeau and many others. This sounds sufficiently obvious; but one hears people talk nowadays as if there were something inherently inferior about this kind of literature. Not all the social plays are as bad as the worst of Galsworthy and Brieux: some are like Chekhov's Cherry Orchard. And not all the social novels are as bad as the worst of Wells: some are like France's Histoire Contemporaine. It is certain, however, that this whole body of work has been made to appear rather suspect by the advertising it has received at the hands of certain critics, such as Bernard Shaw himself: these critics have had political axes to grind, and they have insisted on making the books and plays they admired point political morals; so that the whole school of social history in fiction and drama now lies under the suspicion of propaganda. There can be no doubt, for example, that Bernard Shaw, in his Quintessence of Ibsenism, gave Ibsen a reputation as a propagandist which he was far from deserving: not only was Ibsen not an editorial writer of the type of Brieux, but he was hardly a social dramatist at all: his interest was almost entirely in morals. The habit of this kind of criticism has been to represent the works which the critic likes as black and white political parables, and to decline to interest itself in literature in connection with which it is impossible to do this. It is a point of view which is going out of fashion; but we still find it flourishing here and there—as, for example, in the New Masses, where there is a tendency, if not a policy, to base judgment of the excellence of a book upon the extent to which it seems to favor the bourgeoisie or the proletariat. It is interesting, therefore, to see that Galsworthy, in a passage quoted in Professor Baker's preface to his selection of Galsworthy's plays, expressly repudiates the intention which this sort of criticism is always finding. "The second course [in writing a play] is to set definitely before the public the views and codes of life by which the dramatist himself lives, those theories in which he himself believes—the more effectively if they are the opposite of what the public wishes to have placed before it—presenting them so that the audience may swallow them like a powder in a spoonful of jam. There is a third course: to set before the public no cut and dried codes, but the phenomena of life and character, selected and combined, but not distorted, by the dramatist's outlook, set down without fear, favor or prejudice, leaving the public to draw such poor moral as nature may afford."

The novel and play as social history have had their great period and their masterpieces; and though the skeleton of social and economic relations which they introduced to literature may sink away to a position of less prominence, it will certainly remain embedded in any literature which we may produce in the future. It is, however, principally the weaknesses of the genre which are exhibited in the books listed above. Mr. Coats's book on Galsworthy as a dramatist is not a very interesting book; but then, we reflect that perhaps on this subject it would not be possible to write a very interesting book. There is some room for exploration and discussion in Shakespeare or Ibsen or the Greeks. But in Galsworthy, for all his sympathy and intelligence, there is no very deep criticism of life: his plays cannot precisely be said to be the work of a superficial mind, but the situations always seem to be taken on the surface. Everything there is, is plainly before you and there is not very much of that. "It might be said of Shaw's plays," writes Galsworthy, "that he creates characters who express feelings which they have not got. It might be said of mine that I create characters who have feelings which they cannot express." Yet when he does allow his characters to express their feelings, he lapses easily into sentimentality and we are made to feel more strongly than ever that the game of social types is all that he has really attempted. As for the volume of Galsworthy's poems, so meagre, so deliberate and so banal, we read them and remember that the great writers of social literature have never been remarkable for poetry. In fact, poetry, once the master of the stage, has almost completely been driven off it by their machinery. It will perhaps be one of the benefits conferred by the reaction against them to bring a little poetry back.

EDMUND WILSON.

Educative Psychology

Educational Psychology, by Charles Fox. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 380 pages. $3.75.

EDUCATIONAL psychology has been much distorted and abused by its hardy American protagonists. Frankly practical in its immediate relation to educational processes, it nevertheless is based upon general principles, both scientific and normative, which are rarely ever discerned by its popularizers. Mr. Fox, an Englishman, is not among the latter; he is as much interested in general principles as in their concrete application, which accounts for his book being called "educative" in the title above. His presentation merits this designation because it proceeds from sound scholarship, from complete familiarity with facts relevant to his subject and with the general issues which they involve. Unfortunately, one cannot always say as much about American productions in this field.

Educational psychology is directed primarily toward the achievement of a particular aim, which may be stated as follows: the organization of the innate and acquired tendencies of an individual into an integrated personality, in virtue of which he is enabled to live in his environment without overt conflict and with the greatest possible internal consistency. Mr. Fox offers no systematic treatment of innate tendencies, for the simple reason that he does not attribute to them any predominant rôle in motivating behavior. In fact, by way of reacting from the extreme Freudian position in which the sexual impulse is regarded as the ultimate human motive, Mr. Fox minimizes the importance of innate tendencies rather more than the facts warrant. His book is concerned mainly with the processes of modification of behavior, with only incidental consideration of its native bases. One does not, however, feel any essential incompleteness in the text as a result of this omission. It was, on the contrary, rather a relief to the reviewer to be delivered from long, tiresome disquisitions upon "instincts" that are of extremely doubtful

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empirical validity; he recalled with a shudder the dreary pages in Mr. McDougall's Social Psychology where those innate entities are so confidently and minutely portrayed.

The reviewer cannot, however, recommend unequivocally everything propounded by Mr. Fox. His dualism, that inevitable heritage of English psychologists, confronts one on every page. As a consequence, the book often sounds archaic to the tough-minded American, much buffeted by virulent Watsonianism and faced always with the stubborn facts of experimental biology which are rapidly being assimilated into a consistent organic monism. The mind-body bifurcation, which we cannot believe the English psychologist entertains to the extent which his vocabulary suggests, constitutes one of the most serious impediments to sound psychological progress. We believe that the English would discard this favorite sentimental illusion if they did not commit the error of identifying monism with materialism. At any rate, the present book is saturated with dualism, and this is the source of practically every issue which we wish to take with his presentation. It vitiates much of the discussion of mental heredity, and results in his postulating a mysterious psychoplasm capable of being modified by the experiences of the individual and of retaining these modifications when transmitted to the offspring. It leads him practically to dispense with the nervous system as a factor in habit formation and to invoke as an explanation some vague physical analogy relating to "wireless instruments." Instances might be multiplied indefinitely where Mr. Fox duplicates the error—so patently illustrated, as he points out, in the majority of theories about the nature of intelligence—of abstracting from human behavior certain aspects and reifying them into entities: i. e., giving them a name and then assuming that they represent independent realities. This practice is a matter of tradition with the English psychologists—and with a number of Americans—and one rather despairs of its ever being abandoned. It is unfortunate that such a valuable book as the present one should be marred in this way, and one wishes, though vainly no doubt, that the scientist were as free from emotional bias as he imagines himself to be. LYLE H. LANIER.

Another Murex

Streets of the Moon, by Archibald MacLeish. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company. 101 pages. $5.

THESE are lean days for the poetry-lover—it is now a decade since that exciting time when every week or so brought us another new and brilliantly promising poet, of whose future one might dare to predict in terms both hopeful and spacious. Those hopeful futures have now, for the most part, become disappointing pasts or hopeless presents; since Mr. Eliot gave us The Waste Land, there has been little to inspire in us the sacred terror, unless we except an occasional poem by Mr. Stevens or Mr. Cummings or Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, and perhaps also Mr. Ransom. Even with these, however, we are in a sense already familiar—we feel that we know what sort of thing they are likely to do. What we really desire—for we are all of us lovers of the new—is a young poet whose brilliance has progressed beyond that point at which both he and ourselves might be deceived by a mere youthful flash, and in whose promise one can begin to see the outlines of something large.

Mr. Archibald MacLeish, who entitles his latest book (for no discoverable reason) Streets of the Moon, qualifies admirably for this rôle. One has felt of him from the beginning that he had a very exceptional talent, and that if he might once escape from the several "influences" which have in succession so deeply stained him, and succeed in discovering his own identity (most difficult of the poet's tasks), he might easily become one of the most exciting of contemporary American poets. The Pot of Earth, despite its "monstrous debt" to The Waste Land, was a very impressive piece of work: if one failed to do it justice, it was because it posed for the critic the subtlest of problems, that of assaying, in the midst of so much that was obviously derived (whether in texture of thought or texture of rhythm) the precise weight and value of the individual contribution. Might the thing have been merely wrung out of Mr. MacLeish by his reading of The Waste Land—or was there more to follow? And Mr. MacLeish's next book, Nobodaddy, a play in blank verse, helped one very little, for it was written earlier than The Pot of Earth, and clearly belonged to a more formative and more academic period in his growth. It was good, but it was not, in the same way, exciting.

Streets of the Moon, however, sets one's doubts at rest. Influences there still are—one could enumerate three or four; but in these three groups of poems Mr. MacLeish makes it perfectly clear at last that he is very much himself, and that he has found a murex of his own. One regrets a little that in some of the shorter things he should have yielded to the contemporary taste for typographical and punctuational oddity—devices which, as he shows us himself, he can better dispense with; one regrets also a slight leaning, now and then, to the sentimental-interrogatory and sentimental-exclamatory; and one wishes that he would oftener eschew the fragmentary and asymmetrical, though he occasionally makes delightful things of them. His ability really runs the other way—it is in the full and rounded, in the richly organized, that he finds his natural expression; he writes, when he wants, magnificent blank verse; he is an Elizabethan in his love of fine phrases and in his power to grasp the metaphysical in sensuous terms; and he knows how to build toward a climax, both conceptual and prosodic, in a large and complex fashion of which most of his contemporaries seem to be sentimentally afraid. Certainly Mr. MacLeish need not be afraid, as his Einstein, in the present volume, superbly proves—a long poem which any living poet might envy, as rich in thought as it is in color and movement. If he can do this, and such exquisite smaller things as Selene Afterwards, not to mention a dozen others, what mightn't he do next? One simply abdicates as critic, and flings one's hat in the air. CONRAD AIKEN.

Bernard Shaw's Odds and Ends

Translations and Tomfooleries, by Bernard Shaw. New York: Brentano's. 276 pages. $2.

THIS miscellany appears to have been published by Shaw for the purpose of repaying a debt of gratitude to his German translator, Siegfried Trebitsch. "Today," writes Shaw, "I have only to lift up my finger to attract a hundred translators. When Trebitsch volunteered for the job, the hundred would have fled my invitation as one man." Shaw has now translated one of Trebitsch's plays, Jitta's Atonement. Jitta's Atonement appears originally to have been a tragedy of adulterous love rather in the grand manner: it was written, according to Shaw, "under the tyranny of a romantic audience," for "Vienna is still romantic in the manner of Verdi's

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operas, and modern in the manner of De Maupassant and Baudelaire." And Shaw has, therefore, attempted to correct the old-fashioned Viennese tone compounded of Verdi, Maupassant and Baudelaire by the application of British common sense and "the disillusioning touch of comedy." The result of disinfecting these scenes of passion and anguish, originally conceived on such a different plane from Shaw's, with the dialectic of Candida and Overruled—to say nothing of the earnest declarations of the German dialogue subjected to the exact straight rulings of Shaw's excellent but metallic prose—is a unique dramatic curiosity, never, one hopes, to be duplicated.

The best of the other original pieces which pad out the book—Press Cuttings and The Admirable Bashville—have already been printed separately. The others, like them, are trifles, and mostly very poor. E. W.

Power, by Lion Feuchtwanger, translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. New York: The Viking Press. $2.50.

HERE is a good, solid novel of the old-fashioned kind, that is not, however, in itself old-fashioned. Herr Feuchtwanger's method is the method of historical romance, but his treatment is the treatment of realism. The story is of the Duchy of Wurttemberg in the eighteenth century, under the Holy Roman Empire, and of the growth to power of the adroit Jew, Josef Süss. It is a big picture that the author has done, and not in the impressionistic manner. Around his central theme he has woven an atmosphere meticulous in its innumerable detail, so that the gradual unfolding of the panorama seems to let us see not only the peregrinations of individuals, but the restless movement of whole cities and races. The unimpassioned, slightly sardonic narrative is particularly effective in dealing with power in its physical manifestations: when the tale with no middle flight intends to soar into the regions of psychic force, it fails to carry the reader with it. The progression of Süss from worldly to spiritual power is not carried out in very coherent fashion, and we are forced to realize that mistiness as well as thoroughness is native to the German spirit. But the earlier sections, and indeed the book as a whole, move with a savage and ponderous strength that is justly indicated by the title. T. S. M.

Contributors

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